National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XIX. NO. 27. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858. WHOLE NO. 963.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

Actual Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

THE POLICY OF THE SLAVE POWER.

SPEECH OF HON. J. H. HAMMOND,

OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

Delivered at Barnwell Court-house, October 27th, 1858.

* * * * * * *

But I will not detain you longer with what belongs to the past. The present and the future are what concerns us most. You desire to know my opinion of the course the South should pursue under existing circumstances. I will give you, frankly and fully, the results of my observation and reflection on this all-important point. The first question is, Do the people of the South consider the present Union of these States as an evil in itself, and a thing that it is desirable we should get rid of under all circumstances? There are some, I know, who do; but I am satisfied that an overwhelming majority of the South would, if assured that this government was hereafter to be conducted on the true principles and construction of the Constitution, decidedly prefer to remain in the Union rather than incur the unknown costs and hazards of setting up a separate government. I think I say what is true when I say that, after all the bitterness that has characterized our long warfare, the great body of the Southern people do not seek disunion, and will not seek it as a primary object, however promptly they may accept it as an alternative, rather than submit to unconstitutional abridgments of their rights. I confess that for many years of my life I believed that our only safety was in the dissolution of the Union, and I openly avowed it. I should entertain and without hesitation express the same sentiments now but that the victories we have achieved and those I think we are about to achieve have inspired me with hope, I may say the belief, that we can fully sustain ourselves in the Union, and control its action in all great affairs. It may be well asked how I can entertain such views and expectations, when, within these few years, the South has lost her equality in the Senate, and the free States have at length a decided majority in both Houses of Congress, while the unfortunate Kansas contest has swept into their political graves so many of our ancient friends in those States that it may be doubted whether they have at this moment, after the recent elections—the finale of the disastrous Kansas abortion—a majority in any single one of them; and there seems to be at present no prospect of our extending the area of slavery in any quarter.

These facts are true; and if you will bear with me, I will place them all in the strongest light I can before you; for it is of the utmost importance that we should at least see clearly how we stand and what are our resources, in order to form an idea of what we can do, and how avoid wasting our strength on what cannot be accomplished.

The equality of the free and slave States has long been lost in the House. By the admission of California, it was lost in the Senate. Since then, another free State has been admitted, and another yet has passed the Senate, and in a few years more we shall have Kansas, Nebraska, Washington, New Mexico, and perhaps others, on our roll. The immigration from Europe to the North is sufficient to form one or more new States every year. To the South there is literally no emigration. We have, since the closing of the slave trade, added to our population mainly by the natural increase of our people, and we have no surplus population, white or black, to colonize new States. We lost Kansas partly by our inability to colonize it, and we are, perhaps, yet to have a struggle for a portion of Texas. The idea, then, of recovering the equality of the two sections, even in the Senate, seems remote indeed. We have it proposed to reopen the African slave trade and bring in hordes of slaves from that prolific region to restore the balance. I once entertained that idea myself, but, on further investigation, I abandoned it. I will not now go into the discussion of it further than to say that the South is itself divided on that policy, and, from appearances, opposed to it by a vast majority, while the North is unanimously against it. It would be impossible to get Congress to reopen the trade. If it could be done, then it would be unnecessary, for that result could only be brought about by such an entire abandonment by the North and the world of all opposition to our slave system that we might safely cease to erect any defences for it. But if we could introduce slaves, where could we find suitable territory for new slave States? The Indian Reserve, west of Arkansas, might make one; but we have solemnly guaranteed that to the remnants of the red race. Everywhere else, I believe, the borders of our States have reached the great desert which separates the Atlantic from the Pacific States of this Confederacy. Nowhere is African slavery likely to flourish in the little oasis of that Sahara of America. It is much more likely, I think, to get the Pacific slope and to the north in the great valley than anywhere else outside of its present limits. Shall we, as some suggest, take Mexico and Central America to make slave States? African slavery appears to have failed there. Perhaps, and most probably, it will never succeed in those regions. If it might, what are we to do with the seven or eight millions of hardly semi-civilized Indians and the two or three millions of Creole Spaniards and Mongrels who now hold those countries? We would not enslave the Indians? Experience has proved that they are incapable of steady labor, and are therefore unfit for slavery. We would not exterminate them, even if that inhuman achievement would not cost ages of murder and incalculable sums of money. We could hardly think of attempting to plant the black race there, superior for labor, though inferior, perhaps, in intellect, and expect to maintain a permanent and peaceful industry, such as slave labor must be to be profitable, amid those idle, restless, demoralized children of Montezuma, scarcely more civilized, perhaps more sunk in superstition, than in his age, and now trained to civil war by half a century of incessant revolution. What, I say, could we do with these people or these countries to add to Southern strength? Nothing. Could we degrade ourselves so far as to annex them on equal terms, they would be sure to come into this Union free States all. To touch them in any way is to be contaminated. England and France, I have no doubt, would gladly see us take this burden on our back if we would secure for them their debts and a neutral route across the Isthmus. Such a route we must have for ourselves, and that is all we have to do with them. If we cannot get it by negotiation or by purchase, we must seize and hold it by force of arms. The law of nations would justify it, and it is absolutely necessary for our Pacific relations. The present condition of those unhappy States is certainly deplorable, but the good God holds them in the hollow of his hand and will work out their proper destinies.

We might expand the area of slavery by acquiring Cuba, where African slavery is already established. Mr. Calhoun, from whose matured opinions, whether on constitutional principles or Southern policy, it will rarely be found safe to depart, said that Cuba was "forbidden fruit" to us unless plucked in an exigency of war. There is no reasonable ground to suppose that we can acquire it in any other way; and the war that will open to us such an occasion will be great and general, and bring about results that the keenest intellect cannot now anticipate. But if we had Cuba, we could not make more than two or three slave States there, which would not restore the equilibrium of the North and South; while, with the African slave trade closed, and her only resort for slaves to this continent, she would, besides crushing our whole sugar culture by her competition, afford in a few years a market for all the slaves in Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland. She is, notwithstanding the exorbitant taxes imposed on her, capable now of absorbing the annual increase of all the slaves on this continent, and consumes, it is said, twenty to thirty thousand a year by her system of labor. Slaves decrease there largely. In time, under the system practised, every slave in America might be exterminated in Cuba as were the Indians. However the idle African may procreate in the tropics, it yet remains to be proved, and the facts are against the conclusion, that he can in those regions work and thrive. It is said Cuba is to be "Africanized" rather than that the United States should take her. That threat, which at one time was somewhat alarming, is no longer any cause of disquietude to the South, after our experience of the Africanizing of St. Domingo and Jamaica. What have we lost by that? I think we reaped some benefit; and if the slaves of Cuba are turned loose, a great sugar culture would grow up in Louisiana and Texas, rivalling that of cotton, and diverting from it so much labor that cotton would rarely be below its present price.

You must not suppose for a moment that I am opposed to the "expansion of the area of African slavery." On the contrary, I believe that God created negroes for no other purpose than to be "the hewers of wood and drawers of water"—that is, to be slaves of the white race—and I wish to see them in that capacity on every spot on the surface of the globe where their labor is necessary or beneficial. Nor do I doubt that such will be the final result. Much less would I oppose the acquisition of territory that would place the slave States on a numerical equality and more with the free States in the Union. But this review and scrutiny of the resources of the South shows, I think, pretty conclusively, that we have not now the surplus population nor suitable territory within our present reach to create any number of slave States; that to attempt it by costly, yet impracticable and abortive, enterprises will be to waste our strength to no purpose; and that the idea of recovering the equality in voting of the slave and free States, whether on the floors of Congress or elsewhere, is visionary. We had better, then, I think, at once make up our minds according to the facts, and, giving up all bootless efforts, look every consequence of our position full in the face. For one, I can do so without dismay, without the slightest trepidation. Why, the South, numbering twelve millions of people, possesses already an imperial domain that can well support an hundred millions more. What does she need to seek beyond her borders, or what has she to fear? With such a seacoast and harbors, such rivers, mountains and plains—so full of the precious metals, so fertile in soil, so genial in climate, producing in such unparalleled abundance the most valuable agricultural staples of the world—capable of manufacturing to any extent, and possessing the best social and industrial systems that have ever yet been organized—she might have sunk into sloth from excess of prosperity, had she not been kept on the alert by the fierce assaults of an envious world—assaults which, at one time alarming, it has been in fact scarcely more than wholesome exercise to repel—an exercise which has made us the most virtuous and one of the most enlightened and most powerful people who now flourish on the globe. The South has long been undervaluing and doing great injustice to herself. She has been lamenting her weakness and croaking about the dangers that beset her, when she might glory in her strength and hurl defiance to her enemies.

But it is said that, with a fixed and overwhelming free State majority against us in this Union, with all our natural advantages, we must dissolve the connection to insure our present safety and accomplish our proper destiny. Perhaps so. But permit me to suggest, not yet. The dissolution of the Union is an alternative that we have always at command, and for which we should be ever ready; but a peaceful, prosperous and powerful people may not challenge Fate a day too soon. The question still remains, can the free States be brought to concur permanently in any line of policy that will subvert the Constitution and seriously damage the South in this Confederacy? I do not believe that they can. Reckless as is political ambition, and insane as fanaticism ever is, I have no idea that the free States can be consolidated on the wild project of ruling the slaveholders by mere brute numbers, either through the ballot-box or by force of arms; whether to emancipate our slaves, or strip us of the fruits of their labor, or to govern us with the mildness and paternal care due to inferiors. The nervous in the South and the Abolition demagogues of the North may believe it. But when it comes to the actual test, if neither sober sense nor patriotism should prevail, the sense of danger and the love of cotton and tobacco would, with our Northern brethren, in every crisis override their love of negroes. On this I think you may depend, despite the insolent boasts of the Abolitionists of what they will do when they get the government in their hands. The North has only to be made clearly sensible how far she can go, and what the South will not submit to. She will not trespass beyond that, but will content herself with the glory of carrying the alternate biennial elections, as she has just done—always leaving it to the Democracy to carry that which makes the President.

But I am making mere assertion. Allow me, then, to refer to facts to show the past power of the South in the Union, and the present state of the great questions in which she is most deeply interested. When, thirty years ago, we began this arduous conflict for the constitutional reform of this government and the security of the South, the South herself was thoroughly divided. The tariff, the bank, the internal improvement system, nay, even abolition itself, all had the sanction of a large number of our most prominent Southern men. If they did not all originate, they were all re-suscitated in that era of infatuation when a Southern President proclaimed that we were "all Federalists, all Republicans," when Southern statesmen sneered at State Rights, and the Constitution became, for a time, a dead letter.

The tariff of 1828 levied average duties of more than forty per cent. on all our imports. By the tariff of 1857 the average of duties was reduced below twenty per cent. We have accomplished that much; and besides, the principle of free trade is pretty generally conceded now throughout the Union. It cannot be denied that this is a great success. I think the duties should be reduced still lower, and particularly that the discriminations against the agricultural interests should be abolished. But it is supposed that there will be a demand for their increase at the next session. If so, it will of course be resisted, and I trust successfully. Free trade is the test, the touchstone of free government, as monopoly is of despotism. I have no hesitation in saying that the plantation States should discard any government that made a protective tariff its policy. They should not submit to pay tribute for the support of any other industrial system than their own, much less to make good the bubble speculations of any other section of the Union. Unequal taxation is, after all, what we have most to fear in this Union, and against that we must be always ready to adopt the most decisive measures.

The internal improvement system was in full vigor in 1828. Inaugurated also by Southern men, it absorbed all the surplus of the Treasury, and, being in its nature unlimited, it was capable of absorbing all the revenue that could be extorted by the highest possible tariff. That, too, if not destroyed, has been checked and crippled by Southern action. It is true that it still appears annually in Congress, but the once haughty brigand is now little more than a sturdy beggar.

We had then, also, in full operation, a Bank of the United States, with branches in all our principal cities. It received and speculated on all the revenues of the government and controlled and concentrated in the North all the exchanges, thus levying a per centage upon every commercial transaction of the South. That has been annihilated. It sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. But let me say that the system which it established still exists. Despite of its destruction by the Federal Government and the collection of the revenue in specie, our exchanges still centre in the North, and our otherwise stable industry is still compelled to participate more or less in all the reckless speculations of that fanatical section—more fanatical in love of money than even in its devotion to negroes. But this is a self-imposed vassalage. Through the privileges which our Southern Legislatures have granted to our innumerable banks, we are made tributary to New York, which is itself tributary to London, the great world centre of exchanges in our age. Thus, by our own acts, we pay double tribute, though nearly all the trade of the United States with England is based on Southern products.

Thus has the South, by her energy and ability, disposed of the capital grievances against which she protested, with almost half her public men against her in 1828. During this time our opponents have twice wrested the government from us, and inflicted other injuries, but they were soon stripped of their power and their acts repealed. Only four times since the organization of this government has the North had possession of it, and in each case for only one term. The North has never united long on any policy. The injuries inflicted on the South have been mainly inflicted by her own ambitious, factious and divided public men, and our history proves that no man and no measure has yet been strong enough to stand against the South when united. I believe none ever will.

But it is thought that the Abolitionists' supposition, still credited by some of this country, that they will inevitably get the power of this government permanently into their hands, and, backed by the opinion of the world, use it for our destruction, is probable. Let us consider what are the facts. From the time that the wise and good Las Casas first introduced into America the institution of African slavery—I say institution, because it is the oldest that exists, and will, I believe, survive all others that now flourish—it has had its enemies. For a long while they were chiefly men of peculiar and eccentric religious notions. Their first practical and political success arose from the convulsions of the French revolutions, which lost to that empire its best colony. Next came the prohibition of the slave trade, the excitement of the Missouri compromise in this country, and then the deliberate emancipation of the slaves in their colonies by the British government in 1833-4. About the time of the passage of that act the abolition agitation was revived again in this country, and Abolition Societies were formed. I remember the time well, and some of you do also. And what then was the state of opinion in the South? Washington had emancipated his slaves. Jefferson had bitterly denounced the system, and had done all that he could to destroy it. Our Clays, Marshals, Crawfords, and many other prominent Southern men, had led off in the colonization scheme. The inevitable effect in the South was that she believed slavery to be an evil—weakness—disgraceful—nay, a sin. She shrunk from the discussion of it. She cowered under every threat. She attempted to apologize, to excuse herself under the plea—which was true—that England had forced it upon her—and in fear and trembling she awaited a doom that she deemed inevitable. But a few bold spirits took the question up—they compelled the South to investigate it anew and thoroughly, and what is the result? Why, it would be difficult to find now a Southern man who feels the system to be the slightest burden on his conscience; who does not, in fact, regard it as an equal advantage to the master and the slave, elevating both, as wealth, strength and power, and as one of the main pillars and controlling influences of modern civilization, and who is not now prepared to maintain it at every hazard. Such have been for us the happy results of this abolition discussion. So far our gain has been immense from this contest, savage and malignant as it has been. Nay, we have solved already the question of emancipation by this re-examination and exposition of the false theories of religion, philanthropy and political economy which embarrassed our fathers in their day. With our convictions and our strength, emancipation here is simply an impossibility to man, whether by persuasion, purchase or coercion. The rock of Gibraltar does not stand so firm on its basis as our slave system. For a quarter of a century it has borne the brunt of a hurricane as fierce and pitiless as ever raged. At the North and in Europe they cried "havoc," and let loose upon us all the dogs of war. And how stands it now? Why, in this very quarter of a century our slaves have doubled in numbers and each slave has more than doubled in value. The very negro who, as a prime laborer, would have brought $400 in 1828, would now, with thirty more years upon him, sell for $800. What does all this mean? Why, that we ourselves have settled this question of emancipation against all the world, in theory and in practice, and the world must accept our solution. The only inquiry is, how long this new-found superstition will survive, and how far it may carry its votaries elsewhere? What changes in production, in commerce, in society or government it may effect? For production, commerce, society and government must yield and change whenever they come in contact with the great fundamental principle of the subordination of the inferior to the superior man, as made by God, and especially of the colored to the white races. It is, I say, only through the evils that this superstition may bring upon other peoples, and especially on those of the North and of Europe, with whom we are so closely connected, that the South can be materially damaged by it, standing, as she now does, firm, assured, united. How, then, is it with others?

Permit me to say that, in my opinion, the tide of abolition fanaticism has began to ebb everywhere, and will never rise again. When the English freed the negroes in their colonies, it was not wholly a sentimental movement, dictated by political radicals and the saints of Exeter Hall. Her statesmen, in their ignorance, thought that what is called free labor—that is, "wages slavery"—would succeed in tropical culture as well or better than slave labor. In their arrogance, they believed also that all the world must follow their example in this silly scheme of abolition; and that from her great wealth and world-encircling colonies the monopoly of cotton and sugar culture would fall into the hands of England. Nature and the indomitable spirit and intellect of the South have disappointed all their calculations. The South still flourishes, and cotton, and sugar, and coffee, and rice, and tobacco, are still the heritage of the slaveholders.

Galled by their utter dependence upon us for cotton, without the free use of which they would both tumble into ruin in a day, England and France, who, in their frequent frenzies, at length destroyed all their colonies by emancipation, have ransacked the universe to find climes adapted to the cheap growth of this great staple. They have failed everywhere. It is not that the soils and climates do not exist; but that this and the other great agricultural staples—sugar, rice, tobacco, coffee—can never be produced as articles of wide extended commerce except by slave labor. This they at length found out. But such labor they had repudiated everywhere. No, not everywhere. Not in France nor in Great Britain, where they still hold sacred splendid thrones and palsy aristocracies amid starving laborers, only for outside barbarians they adorned freedom and equality; but, failing in all their schemes, and finding that, with all their costly expenditures and high-sounding manifestos, they had simply ruined their own colonies and made themselves the vassals of the slaveholders, what have they done? Why, renewed the slave trade. Not in name. Oh, no! Exeter Hall and the Parliament Houses still thunder execrations against that; while the colonists, under government protection, and with English money, wrung by taxation from her "wages slaves," are importing by hundreds of thousands Chinese and Hindoo coolies, under conditions compared with which Algerine slavery of the last century was merciful. They do not hold them as we do our slaves, for better or worse, in sickness and health, in childhood and old age. No; in their prime of life they seduce them from their homes, transport them to distant and unwholesome climes; for the merest pittance of wages consume their best years in the severest labors, and then turn them out to die—the direst slavery that brutal man has ever instituted. France, less sensitive—having no Exeter Hall—embracing the same scheme, resorts to Africa and openly makes purchases, for so they may be called, from slave catchers; nay, she buys from the President of Liberia, the far-famed settlement of our own Colonization Society—buys the colonists, our own emancipated slaves, who, sick of freedom, prefer any form of slavery, and in their desperation do not hesitate to make their pious patrons in this country the laughing-stock of the world.

Thus these two nations, France and England, whose adoption of this abolition crotchet alone made it respectable and influential, have thoroughly renounced it, practically, and almost in theory. The press of England, perhaps the greatest power of the world, sustains these movements, while in France the newspapers are openly discussing the question of importing the negro slaves, by name, into Algeria. I think it may be fairly said that in Europe abolition has run its course. Brougham, Palmerston, Russell, and all the old political agitators, are hanging their harps upon the willows. Even the son of Wilberforce, the fanatic, approves of coolie slavery, which we abhor. But recently the British government openly surrendered its claim to the right of search—a claim set up mainly to put down the African slave trade, and without which all attempts to do it will probably be idle. And there is nothing to surprise us in all this if we are correct in our views of African slavery. If it is sustained by the religion of the Bible; if neither humanity nor sound philosophy oppose it; if, as we are convinced, it is a social, political and economical benefit to the world, then it was inevitable that, sooner or later, the abolition crusade must die out—and why not now?

If there is truth in that I have stated to you; if the abolition fever has nearly or quite exhausted itself in Europe; if time and facts have proven there that it is an absurdity, it seems to me we should not doubt that its career is about to close here. Such is my opinion, however differently those may think who judge only by appearances, or take their cues from agitating politicians. I ask any one to tell me upon what measure or upon what man the Abolitionists of this country can ever again muster their legions as they did in 1856? Kansas is squeezed dry. It stinks in the nostrils of all people. They can do no more there. Will they try a "cry" against the Supreme Court for the Dred Scott decision? What is there in that to inflame popular sentiment? It is always uphill business to agitate against a judiciary, but especially against the Supreme Court of the United States, which the Northern people have been taught to revere as the bulwark of their liberties. Will they demand the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia? They have never been able to do much with that, though they have often tried. That issue is a little too practical and too dangerous. Not many are bold enough to embark in it. They might as well make the question of disunion nakedly. Will they take up the abstract, and probably never again to be other than abstract, proposition of "no more slave States"? They have done it. They have already split upon it. The North-West will not take it, and the free States, at bottom, all want Cuba. They love molasses and hanker after free trade with that rich island. Where, then, are they to go, I cannot see. They do not appear to see themselves. Will any one state the practical question, if we offer them none—and we have none to offer—on which they are next to rally for the conquest of the South? The measure or the man? It does seem to me that this great fire is dying out for want of fuel; that this crusade, as many crusades have done, has exhausted itself, and that there is no argument or leader that can keep it alive. Their Peter Hermits, their Godfreys, their Baldwins, their lion-hearted Richards, where are they? It seems that they will scarcely agree even on their Louis IX. who shall lead their last pious campaign and suffer martyrdom.

And let me say that, if the Abolitionists cannot unite the free States as a purely anti-slavery party in the Presidential election of 1860, and fail again in 1864, we shall never bear more of them as a political party; and it is only as a political party that they are worthy of our notice. There always will be Abolitionists; for fools, enthusiasts, men of morbid imaginations, bent on mischief or ambitions of notoriety, will always exist. But the Abolition party in the free States is now almost wholly political. Do you suppose that the Sewards, Hales, Wades, Wilsons, Chases, and their associates, care anything for African slavery, or are really hostile to our system of labor any more than is the President, Dickinson, Bright, Pugh or Douglas? I do not. Their object is political power. They have placed themselves on this spring-tide of fanaticism to obtain it. If it fails them, if at the next Presidential election, assuredly if at the two next, we beat them, all this party machinery will fall to the ground, and the Smiths, Tappans, Garrisons and Parkers will be left alone to their glory. But if I am all wrong, if my facts and reasoning are false and my hopes delusive, if in 1860 they beat us, what then? These are questions that may well be asked. And the answer is obvious. We must be prepared; and the very efforts we must make to prevent such results will better prepare us than any course we can pursue that I can see. We must be prepared, I say, to take care of ourselves, whatever may come. It is clear that the slaveholding States of this Confederacy, whatever hazards they may choose to incur by remaining in alliance with a majority of non-slaveholders, now so inflamed against them, must ever and at all times hold their destinies in their own hands. They can never permit any foreign power to legislate in reference to their peculiar industrial system, whether to abolish or to modify, or impose undue burdens on it. Such legislation must be resisted with all our means, and without regard to any consequences.

If it should so happen that the free States of this Union, being now, and always to be, in a majority, do establish a political line between the two sections and the two systems of labor, legislate upon it and maintain it, then they will constitute a power as foreign to us as any nation in the world, and we cannot submit to it. Whatever the weak and defenceless colonies of other countries may have submitted to, before these Southern States will be placed in the condition of St. Domingo or Jamaica, or one at all approximating to it, they will rend this Union into fragments and plunge the world in ruin. It is in their power to do both, for the world cannot get on without them; and, if ruthless fanaticism and brute force combine, under whatever names and with whatever authority, to ride them down, they will carry with them the pillars of the temple of civilization, and force a common fate on all mankind.

There are many who believe that some such catastrophe is inevitable. It cannot be denied that, from appearances, here and elsewhere, it is entirely possible, and it may not be unwise for all of us to suppose it probable. Although I think that the ranks of our enemies are broken and the moral victory won, I am far from proclaiming that the battle is over, and that we have now only to gather the fruits of our success. Many a battle has been won and lost again by overweening confidence, by reckless pursuit, or by turning aside for the sake of spoil. Let us fall into none of these errors; for we are still in the very heat and turmoil of this great conflict, and all might yet be lost. What I wish to impress upon you is that there is hope for effort, triumph for union, energy and perseverance.

It has fallen upon the slaveholders of the South to conduct this question of African slavery to its final conclusion. Such is our fate; it is inevitable. Let us cheerfully accept and manfully perform our destined parts, and do it with no distrust of God, with no misgivings of our cause or of ourselves, with no panic, no foolish attempt to fly from dangers which cannot be avoided, which have not been proven to be insurmountable, and which I, for one, believe that we can conquer. After what has been achieved by a divided South, now that it is almost thoroughly united, now that we have a President and his Cabinet, a majority in both Houses of Congress, a Supreme Court of the United States, and still hosts of allies in the free States, all substantially concurring with us in our construction of the Constitution, and under its obligations earnestly battling with us for the maintenance of our rights and interests, we owe it to our country, to ourselves, to the world, and to posterity, to cast aside all weak fears, all petty or impracticable issues, all mere wrangling and vituperation, personal and sectional, and move forward with the dignity of conscious strength and the calmness of undoubted courage to the overthrow of every false theory of government and every sentimental scheme for organizing labor, carrying with us the Constitution of our fathers, and, if we can, their Union.

But the slave States, constituting, and, as I think, forever to constitute, a numerical minority, can, however, accomplish nothing in this Union without the aid of faithful allies in the free States. It has been of late too much the habit in the South to mistrust all such allies—to disparage, to denounce and drive them from us. Nothing could be more unwise or more unjust. It is distrusting the truth and justice of our own cause, or calumniating human nature, to doubt that there are, in the free States, thousands of sound-thinking, true-hearted and gallant men who concur essentially in our views, and ready to make cause with us. Nay, it is falsifying history and fact. During the late session I saw men acting cordially and vigorously with us against the positive instructions of their excited constituents, at the hazard of political martyrdom; and in two instances that martyrdom was consummated before the adjournment. Shall we do no honor to such men? Shall we pay no tribute to such heroic devotion to truth, to justice and the Constitution? Shall we revile them in common with all Northern men, because many revile and some have betrayed us? To be truly great, we must be not only just, but generous and forbearing to all mankind. Let us place ourselves in the situation of Northern public men in this great contest, consider their dangers and responsibilities, and, making every allowance for human weakness, do homage to the brave and faithful.

And this leads me to say that, having never been a mere party politician, intriguing and wire-pulling to advance myself or others, I am not learned in the rubric of the thousand slang, unmeaning and usually false party names to which our age gives birth. But I have been given to understand that there are two parties in the South, called "National" and "State Rights" Democrats. The word "national" having been carefully excluded from the Constitution by those who framed it, I never supposed it applicable to any principle of our government; and having been surrendered to the almost exclusive use in this country of the Federal consolidationists, I have ever myself repudiated it. But if a Southern "National Democrat" means one who is ready to welcome into our ranks with open arms, and cordially embrace and promote according to his merits every honest free State man who reads the Constitution as we do, and will cooperate with us in its maintenance, then I belong to that party, call it as you may, and I should grieve to find a Southern man who does not.

But, on the other hand, having been all my life, and being still, an ardent "State Rights" man—believing "State Rights" to be an essential, nay, the essential, element of the Constitution, and that no one who thinks otherwise can stand on the same constitutional platform that I do, it seems to me that I am, and all those with whom I act habitually are, if Democrats at all, true "State Rights Democrats." Nothing in public affairs so perplexes and annoys me as these absurd party names, and I never could be interested in them. I could easily comprehend two great parties, standing on two great antagonistic principles which are inherent in all things human; the right and the wrong, the good and the evil, according to the peculiar views of each individual; and was never at a loss to find my side, as now, in what are known as the Democratic and Republican parties of this country. But the minor distinctions have, for the most part, seemed to me to be factitious and factious, gotten up by cunning men for selfish purposes, to which the true patriot and honest man should be slow to lend himself. For myself and for you, while I represent you, I shall go for the Constitution strictly construed and faithfully carried out. I will make my fight, such as it may be, by the side of any man, whether from the North, South, East or West, who will do the same; and I will do homage to his virtue, his ability, his courage, and, so far as I can, make just compensation for his toils, and hazards, and sacrifices. As to the precise mode and manner of conducting this contest, that must necessarily, to a great extent, depend upon the exigencies that arise; but of course I could be compelled by no exigency, by no party ties or arrangements, to give up my principles, or the least of those principles which constitute our great cause.

If the South has any desire to remain in the Union and control it, she, as her safety requires that she should, in some essential particulars, if she does not remain in it, must conciliate her Northern allies. She must be just, kind and true to all who are true to truth and to her. But if she determines and whenever she determines to throw off her Northern friends and dissolve this Union, I need scarcely say that I shall, without hesitation, go with her fully and faithfully. I do not for a moment doubt that, in or out of this Union, she can sustain herself among the foremost nations of the earth. All that she requires is the union of her own people, and happily they never were at any former period so united and harmonious as now. A homogeneous people, with our social and industrial institutions the same everywhere and all our great interests identical, we should always have been united in our moral and political opinions and policy. The ambitious dissensions of the host of brilliant men whose names adorn our annals have heretofore kept us apart. The Abolitionists have at length forced upon us a knowledge of our true position, and compelled us into union—an union not for aggression, but for defence—purely conservative of the Constitution and also of the constitutional rights of every section and of every man. The Union of these States from the Canadas to the Rio Grande, and from shore to shore of the two great oceans of the globe, whatever splendor may encircle it, is but a policy and not a principle. It is subordinate to rights and interests. But the union of the slaveholders of the South is a principle involving all our rights and all our interests. Let that union be perfect and perpetual. It constitutes our strength, our safety and prosperity. Let us frown down every proposition that might seriously divide us, and present to our assailants from every quarter a solid and impregnable phalanx. Let us also give to the winds every thought of fear, every feeling of despondency, and, fully comprehending and temperately but resolutely asserting our great power in this Confederacy and throughout the world, let us develop and consolidate our resources and devote ourselves manfully and hopefully to the accomplishment of the magnificent future that is within our reach.

Selections.

SLAVE LAWS OF MARYLAND.

Not more than one-fortieth part of the inhabitants of Maryland are at all interested in slave property, and slavery exists there in a milder form than in any of the States south of Mason and Dixon's line. Yet some idea of the beneficent effects of the peculiar institution can be formed from the laws which remain in full force and virtue upon her statute books. By the act of 1751, chapter 15, section 7, it is enacted:

"Whereas, Many negroes and other slaves absent themselves from their master's service, and run out into the woods, and there remain, killing and destroying of hogs and cattle belonging unto the people of this province, if that such negro or negroes, or other slaves so outlying as aforesaid, shall refuse to surrender themselves, making resistance against such persons as pursue to apprehend and take them, being thereunto legally empowered, it shall be lawful to, and for such pursuers, upon such resistance made, to shoot, kill and destroy such negro or negroes or other slave as aforesaid."

By the act of 1751, chap. 14, sec. 9, persons so killing any slave are indemnified from prosecution; and the slave so killed is to be valued, and the value paid to the owner by the State. This thing of shooting unruly negroes must be rare sport, and the idea of being paid a good round sum for the game no doubt adds zest to the amusement. Dead white men are generally considered rather poor stock; but it seems that in Maryland a dead negro isn't to be sneezed at. The act of 1809, chap. 238, sec. 21, provides:

"If any slave or servant be convicted of any crime, the punishment whereof may be death or confinement in the Penitentiary, the Court before whom such condemnation and conviction shall take place shall immediately thereafter proceed to value such slave, or the time of such servant, and enter the same in their proceedings, and such value shall be assessed and collected with the county assessment, and paid to the owner of such slave or servant."

Under this act a slave girl was tried in Cecil County, last winter, for arson, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary. For the privilege, however, of punishing this vicious chattel, the taxpayers of the county had to pay her owner $650. The difference between slaves and free persons in Maryland is this: when a slave commits a crime, he has to be paid for before he can be punished; when a free person commits one, he is sent to the penitentiary or hanged, and nobody foots the bill. Rather a serious difference to the taxpayers. But here is another law. It reads thus:

"A further supplement to the Act entitled an Act relating to Free Negroes and Slaves:

"Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That, after the passage of this act, it shall be deemed a high offence against the supremacy of this State for any person knowingly to circulate, or in any way knowingly assist in circulating, among the inhabitants thereof any pictorial representation, or any pamphlet, newspaper, handbill, or other paper, printed or written, or any inflammatory character, having a tendency to create discontent among, and stir up to insurrection, the people of color of this State; and that every person that shall be duly convicted of this offence shall be guilty of a felony, and shall be sentenced to undergo a confinement in the penitentiary of this State, for a period of time not less than ten nor more than twenty years from the time of sentence pronounced on such offender.

"Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That hereafter it shall not be lawful for any citizen of this State knowingly to make, print or engrave, or aid in the making, printing, or engraving, within this State, any pictorial representation, or to write or print, or to aid in the writing or printing, any pamphlet, newspaper, handbill, or other paper of an inflammatory character, and having a tendency to excite discontent or stir up insurrection among the people of color of this State or of either of the other States or Territories of the United States, or knowingly to carry or send, or to aid in the carrying or sending, the same for circulation among the inhabitants of either of the other States or Territories of the United States; and any person so offending shall be guilty of a felony, and shall, on conviction, be sentenced to confinement in the penitentiary of this State, for a period not less than ten nor more than twenty years from the time of sentence pronounced on such person." (Laws of Maryland, 1858, chap. 329).

This is the act under which, some eight years ago, *The Blue Hen's Chicken*, a paper published at Wilmington, was indicted in Cecil County; and also under which Green, the colored Methodist preacher, was convicted, some eighteen months ago, in Dorchester County, and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for having in his possession a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The slaveholders on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, however, think these laws do not afford them protection enough, and have called a Convention, to meet in a few weeks, to devise some more effectual means of preventing "the bloody Abolitionists" from enticing their property away. The press of a country or State generally utters the sentiments of the community; and as there is not a newspaper in the State which objects to this proposed Convention, or ever publishes a line in condemnation of these iniquitous laws, it is to be presumed the inhabitants of Maryland fancy themselves living under the most liberal, as well as most perfect, system of laws ever framed.—*Tribune.*

THE WALKER EXPEDITION AGAINST NICARAGUA.

From The Evening Post.

Almost every despatch which the press of this city receives from Washington has something to tell us about William Walker, the filibuster, who decoyed so many of his countrymen to Nicaragua, treated them so brutally, and abandoned them so shamefully. How this man, who seems to have none of the qualifications of a leader, except a certain spirit of adventure, is able to get together a second expedition, we find it difficult to imagine. He does not seem to possess the art of attaching his comrades to his person; that certainly is not the secret of his success in obtaining followers; nor is there anything in the skill with which his first expedition was planned and executed to tempt men to a second trial of his fortunes.

The truth must be that the great number of those who connect themselves with him in this adventure are men who despair of making a respectable figure at home; men who have quarrelled with fortune; men of a thoughtless and foolhardy enterprise, or of ruined character, or of debauched habits. These different causes are potent enough, in so large a country as ours, to collect a motley throng of adventurers ready to engage in any undertaking which has a certain touch of romance in it, the scene of which is in a distant country, the possible rewards of which are plunder and power, and the dangers of which seem to them as remote as the country. The officers of Walker's previous expedition are represented to have been a drunken and brutal set, and those who enlisted in the ranks seem to have been either desperadoes or easy dupes. The soil of Nicaragua was the grave of hundreds of both classes, not entirely to the disadvantage of the country from which they came.

Meanwhile it is intimated in the reports which we receive from Washington that if Great Britain should assist Nicaragua in preventing the landing of these freebooters on her coast, our own government will regard itself as outraged by the act, and will make it the occasion of a serious quarrel. If so, our government will quarrel for a very silly reason. Nicaragua certainly has a right to provide for her own safety when menaced by invasion. It is clearly our business to prevent a hostile expedition from proceeding to that country. If we neglect this, or find ourselves incompetent to the duty, Nicaragua must do the best she can—she must repel the invasion by such means as she possesses; and if these are not sufficient, or if she does not deem them so, she must call in the aid of any friendly nation whom she can persuade to help her.

To deny to Nicaragua this right is to deny her the right to defend herself against a hostile attack. In the early part of our own revolution we resorted to France for assistance, and France aided us, both by her fleets and her armies, against England. Suppose there had been on our continent, at that time, a power strong enough to make its enmity formidable, which chose to take umbrage at this interference, as it might call it, of a European power in the affairs of the western continent, and to demand that we should be left unaided to our fate. Would any words have been deemed too strong to express our indignation at this extreme of arrogance and injustice?

The proclamation of Mr. Buchanan has stigmatized the expedition of Walker as unlawful, and admitted that it is a wrong which we ought to prevent. If the expedition be criminal, and we cannot obstruct it, let the guilty hand be stayed from its purpose by some power which knows how to use with better effect the means at its command. Let us applaud whenever the weak are protected and lawless violence restrained, whoever it be that is the agent. The power of great nations has been too often used to oppress the feeble and defenceless; but us not set the example of quarrelling with any nation because it shields them from oppression. What a spectacle will our nation present to the world if, after conniving at the formation of a piratical expedition within our own boundaries, it employs its power and influence to save it from failure after it has left our shores!

SEALED PROPOSALS.

The South has already issued a call for Sealed Proposals for the Presidency. Caleb Cushing bids very low; offers to catch all the niggers for nothing and board himself; will do all the dirty work of the South with the utmost despatch, such as disfranchising his fellow-citizens, stealing Cuba, smothering freedom in Kansas, and insulting the freemen of the North. Caleb is in search of the White House; and will, if possible, "crush out" whatever stands between him and the goal of his un

Hicks, with a respectful private letter, neither of which the Governor has condescended to notice.

3. As to "our Bishops and Chief Ministers," whom "A Methodist" seems to blame, it is true that the Black River Conference voted to have the petition for Mr. Green's liberation presented to the Bishops present for their signatures; and that when so presented they refused to sign it. But they had what seemed to them a valid excuse. *They were not satisfied as to the facts alleged.* They both declared that *when satisfied* that Mr. Green was so imprisoned, and for such a cause, they would sign the petition. It is true, also, that the Rev. J. D. Long and the Rev. J. S. Lame, both members of the Philadelphia Conference, and recently from Maryland, were both at the Black River Conference, and ready to make affidavit, if necessary, to the alleged fact; but it is nowhere laid down in the Discipline, among the duties of a Bishop, that he should be prying into such "political" matters. They had their doubts; and hence, declining to sign the petition, one took the cars for the East, and the other for the West! Of course the Conference could not wait six months for them to become satisfied of what might have been settled in their minds, had they desired it, in two minutes; and so the petition was sent on without their signatures.

For myself, I regarded it as a most pitiful dodge, and was mortified and ashamed of such an utter want of concern for a brother in prison, by Methodist Bishops, merely, as it seemed to me, because he had a black skin. But I leave them with God, the righteous Judge, who, in the last day, may say, "Sick and IN PRISON and ye visited me not," and "inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren"—even to a poor colored brother in his dungeon—"ye did it not unto me." H. MATTISON.

ARRIVAL OF ANOTHER CAPTURED SLAVER AT CHARLESTON.

From The Charleston Mercury, Nov. 11.

THE brig or ketch Brothers reached this city yesterday, in sixty-three days from the coast of Africa, having had unfavorable winds, which has prolonged the passage. The Brothers was built at Camden, Me., about six years ago, and came to this port soon after under the command of Capt. Hosmer, at which time she was rigged as a topsail schooner. The then firm of Cay and Aveilhe, of this place, soon after purchased an interest in her, and they employed her principally in the West India trade. While she was in possession of the above firm her rig was changed from that of a topsail schooner to a ketch. She was afterwards purchased by the late firm of Street Brothers, of this city, who owned her up to May last, when she was cleared for Havana on the 17th of that month, under the command of Capt. Gage. On her arrival at the latter port, we are informed that she was sold to parties there.

She is in charge of Lieutenant Edward E. Stone, of the sloop-of-war Marion, who has with him Midshipman N. Green, seven seamen and three marines from the same vessel, who form the prize crew. The Brothers was fallen in with by the Marion on the 8th of September, near Mayumba Point, on the coast of Lower Guinea, in latitude 3 south and longitude 11 east. The ketch gave no evidence of her nationality until the sloop-of-war fired a gun across her bows, when she hoisted the American ensign. On being boarded she was found in charge of Captain Gage and seven men—all the crew being Portuguese, Spaniards, &c., and two of whom claim to be passengers. Her cargo consists of scantling, plank, wooden spoons, boilers, bricks for a furnace, forty water casks, spikes, a lot of sponge, beans, &c., and about 88,500 in Mexican ounces, which being such articles as usually constitute the outfit of a slaver, she was seized on suspicion of an intent to engage in the slave trade, and sent home. The Brothers cleared from Havana on the 2d of July for St. Thomas, on the coast of Africa, at which point she did not touch, and was bound to the Congo river when seized by the Marion. The papers of the ketch are all in proper form, and without a flaw, so far as has been discovered.

Capt. Gage states that his voyage was a legitimate one, and that the cargo of the Brothers was intended for parties on the coast. The Brothers parted company with the Marion on the 9th September, and on the 15th of the same month, latitude 0 31 min. north, longitude 1 deg. east, spoke the United States sloop-of-war Vincennes—officers and crew all well. The barks Chace and Venus, and brig Ellen, had been heard of on the coast, and were suspected of being engaged in a slave voyage, and the British and American cruisers were pursuing them with zeal.

Lieutenant Stone is a native of Georgia, and resident of Macon. He informs us that the weather was very pleasant on the South African coast, and that he found it necessary at times to cover with a blanket at night.

The seizure of a vessel on suspicion is a new feature introduced into our criminal code to suppress the African slave trade. Heretofore, according to our criminal laws, all presumptions are in favor of the accused. It declares that it is better that ninety-nine criminals should escape than one innocent man be condemned. But now let a captain, with his vessel, presume to be on the coast of Africa, with certain appliances, and he is presumed not to intend to trade for slaves, but to have traded for them. There is no law to punish intentions in all other matters. A man may intend to murder another; but so long as he does not do it, the law holds him not to be guilty of murder. But here let a man, by any indications, manifest a desire or intention to trade in African slaves, and he and his crew and vessel are seized, brought across the Atlantic, the men thrown into jail, and tried for their lives as pirates. Is there any slavery equal to this in the whole range of criminal jurisprudence? Such an atrocious novelty in law may win the pleasure or approbation of Boston fanatics, but no jury in South Carolina, we are satisfied, will ever enforce it. We are glad, however, that the law is bearing such brilliant fruits.

While England imports her coolies and France her African emigrants, our fleets are engaged in the brilliant and peculiarly American crusade of playing police, and interfering against Americans engaged in trade between foreign countries.

From the same of Nov. 13.

The examination of the captain and crew of the ketch Brothers, sent into this port under the charge of being engaged in the slave trade, has been held before the United States Commissioner, G. W. Egleston, Esq., for two days past, but no decision has so far been made upon the question of the commitment. The testimony of Lieut. Stone, Midshipman Green, Richard Wykoff, gunner, and Peter J. Johnson, has been taken. It is to the effect that, on the 8th of September, in lat. 3° S., lon. 10° E., and in sight of the West Coast of Africa, the ketch was seen by the sloop-of-war Marion, standing along the coast. The cruiser fired a gun across her bows to bring her to; and, boarding her, found, as part of her cargo, some bricks, lumber, water-casks in shooks, wooden spoons, and a boiler for cooking purposes, and 525 doubloons. She had an American register, freight and crew list, sailed under an American flag, and when she was boarded the captain (Gage) promptly acceded to the proposition to make an examination. The circumstances being considered sufficient to justify a seizure, Lieut. Stone, with a prize crew, was put on board, and she was sent into Charleston for adjudication. The question of commitment will doubtless be determined by the Commissioner to-day. For the United States appeared James Conner, Esq., and for the captain and crew L. W. Spratt, Esq.

MR. GIDDINGS IN ST. LOUIS.

From The Evening Post.

ONE would suppose that a fat and juicy young Englishman, caught by a tribe of cannibals, would be quite as safe among them as Joshua Giddings would be lecturing on abolitionism in the slave State of Missouri. Yet Mr. Giddings has ventured to lecture on Man's Inalienable Right to Freedom in the very capital of Missouri, and closed his address not only unharmed, but amidst the cheers and applauses of his audience. He denounced the Dred Scott decison amidst a storm of the noisiest demonstrations of approbation and delight. Ten years ago he would have been torn in pieces.

Thus it is that, one by one, the restraints which have fettered the free expression of opinion on this great subject are giving way. After the press is allowed to discuss the question of slavery freely, and public speakers to attack it with the same liberty that others defend it, in a few of the slave States, we shall naturally expect that the compulsory reserve and silence, to which the enemies of slavery are held, will be greatly relaxed in the rest of the South, until at length the name of Abolitionist will become in that part of the Union as respectable as that of a friend of slavery. When that day comes, the Rights of the South will be understood to mean, among other things, the right of a Southern citizen to agitate as freely for the extinction of that calamitous institution as others are allowed to bluster for retaining it. At present the Rights of the South are taken to signify only the supremacy of the slaveholders.

Meantime we chronicle this event as one of a large class of circumstances marking an important change in public opinion. The time has been that the discussion of this question was perfectly free in all parts of the Union, and men bore their testimony everywhere against slavery with as little impediment as they now do against drunkenness. Gradually the slaveholders, instigated by the politicians, came to regard the denunciation of slavery as an attack on their rights of property; and as the sensitiveness of capitalists, when their possessions are drawn in question, is acute and irritable beyond almost any other, they established that tyranny over the expression of opinion on this subject which has how lasted for a quarter of a century, and at one time reigned almost absolute even at the North. The North has now fully emancipated herself, and, if there is any faith to be placed in omens, the South is about to follow her example.

From The St. Louis Democrat, Nov. 9.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS LECTURING IN A SLAVE STATE.

This distinguished gentleman lectured, last evening, to an overflowing house, upon the subject of "The Laws which Govern Us." Mr. Giddings spoke for an hour and eight minutes to an attentive audience, frequently interrupted by hearty demonstrations of applause. Only once during the evening was there the least expression of dissatisfaction—and Mr. Giddings was radical in his remarks—until the lecturer denounced the Dred Scott decision, and then such cheering and stamping and clapping of hands drowned the noise of the few persons who hissed, until the latter, ashamed of themselves, relapsed into silence, and Mr. Giddings pursued his theme. There was nothing new nor novel in the lecture, nothing introduced by the speaker which is not known to all who are acquainted with the gentleman and motives of his political conduct. God is the source from which everything emanates—all things are governed by laws unchangeable and immutable, and by the unchangeable and immutable character of Deity. If we disobey those laws, either of the physical or the moral nature, we must pay the forfeit. Man, the noblest work of God, must not be degraded; full scope must be given to all his powers, that he may develop himself and approach as near as possible to the Divine perfection. Man has no right to step between another man and his God, or his means of culture, or his right to get food, raiment or habitation. Man, that God has made and stamped with the seal of immortality, is entitled to every opportunity he may seek for the purpose of culture or of personal happiness. Wo unto the man who invades that right. Wo unto the man who violates any physical or moral law.

Such was the tenor of the lecturer's remarks, which were listened to with every manifestation of pleasure by a very select auditory.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

TO DONORS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

THE CRISIS OF THE MISSIONARY BOARD.

THE American Tract Society has lately passed through what physicians call "a critical period" of its history in regard to slavery. Not that the disposition, or the course of policy, either of the "management" or of the main body of the Society, were ever for a moment doubtful; ever for a moment disposed to put any obstruction in the path of slavery; the only question was whether a minority of the Society, unsupported by a single member of the government, and opposed by the public opinion alike of the Church and "the world," were disposed to urge the claims of justice, humanity and religion, in behalf of Christ's little ones, with the needful thoroughness and persistency. A movement in this direction—begun by the petitions and memorials of scattered individuals, echoed, concentrated and enforced by the editors of *The Independent*, carried on for a time under their leadership with great spirit and energy, and at length sustained by a number of followers sufficiently large to give hope of uninterrupted progress towards success, through the strength inspired by consciousness of right—failed, miserably failed, through lack of the needful thoroughness and persistency in its leaders. Never had men a more glorious opportunity to make unswerving devotion to justice and right the means of changing their minority to a majority. All the elements of success were in their hands, ready to be used, had they had the heart to use them. Clergymen, already widely known to the public, backed by large, rich and zealous Churches and congregations, and having the *prestige* of high position to enforce whatever right attitude they might be disposed to take, they might have headed a minority without any of the usual discouragements of that position. If the love of right, for its own sake, had inspired their hearts with the determination to work in that cause through their lives, with or without present success, the manifestation of this spirit could not have failed to enlarge their minority, year by year, until they could either have compelled the Society into the right position or founded a large new Society upon a correct basis, with the comfort, all the while, of building up a higher and higher standard of morality and religion, both in the Church and "the world." Their course in regard to the Tract Society seems conclusively to show that they had not the foundation of principle which is indispensable to ensure success under such circumstances. They failed first in *thoroughness*; reducing their demand, at the vitally, superlatively important annual meeting in May, 1857, from a claim that the Society ought to *publish tracts against slavery* to the maintenance of the feeble, guarded and spiritless proposition that SUCH MORAL EVILS AND VICES AS ARE AT ONCE KNOWN TO BE PROMOTED BY SLAVERY, AND CONDEMNED IN SCRIPTURE, AND DEPLORED BY EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANS, *can and ought* to be discussed by the Society IN A FRATERNAL AND CHRISTIAN SPIRIT. They failed next in *persistency*; wasting the year which intervened between that time and the annual meeting of 1858, with very little effort to organize for that contest, and none at all to press the full demands of Christian duty in relation to that matter upon their large and attentive public. Acting thus, they richly deserved the ignominious defeat which they suffered; and they filled the measure of their shame by not even seeking to found a new system of operations upon a better basis than that of the present Boston "American Tract Society."

If this miserable failure in regard to the Tract Society had proceeded merely from miscalculation, and not from any want of principle, the editors of *The Independent* could, and would, have learned from this blunder how to do better in the next case that came up, that of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." Here was precisely the same position, including precisely the same elements without and within; namely, a pro-slavery Board of managers, with pro-slavery functionaries to do their work, all acting under the influence of a Church which was the great bulwark, and a State which was the executive power, of slavery; while yet there existed a minority among the contributors to this Board, who had been so far awakened by the labors of the Abolitionists that clerical leaders might have incited them to an effective, and ultimately successful, resistance to the pro-slavery portion of the Board's policy. If the three gentlemen in question had chosen to use, in this case, the thoroughness and persistency in which they had previously failed, they might have retrieved in the Missionary Board the disgraceful rout which they suffered in the Tract Society. The fact that they did not even attempt this—that they even sought to represent as correct and satisfactory a state of things in the Board and the Mission Churches as bad, in regard to countenance of slavery, as anything in the doings of the "Tract management"—shows that our unfavorable estimate of them was correct; and makes exceedingly pertinent the inquiry—in a communication printed in our columns last week, because refused insertion in *The Independent*—"Is Dr. Bacon an Abolitionist? Is Dr. Storrs an Abolitionist? Is Dr. Thompson an Abolitionist?"

As, for some weeks past, the editorial columns of *The Independent* have been largely devoted to a defence of the Board, and of their Cherokee and Choctaw missionaries from that censure which the just and forcible articles of Dr. Cheever have shown to be deserved, we can hardly use our space in this number more profitably to our readers than by giving an abstract of the successive positions taken by *The Independent* in this defence, and an abstract also of those facts, recorded in the Annual Reports of the Board, which show at once the guilt of the Board and its missionaries, and the unscrupulousness of their defenders.

In *The Independent* of Oct. 21st, in an article entitled "The Present Attitude of the American Board," and commencing with the statement that this attitude is worse than ever in regard to slavery, Dr. Cheever used the following language:

"The great source of the whole mischief from the outset has been the refusal to apply the teachings of the law and the Gospel DIRECTLY AGAINST SLAVERY AS SIN. If the missionaries on the ground had done this, there is reason to believe that slavery would have disappeared long since."

This is the charge of Dr. Cheever against the missionaries, and against the Board who sustained them in that unchristian position. And he proceeds to prove the correctness of this charge by quoting from the published Reports of the Board the very language of these missionaries, who, so long ago as March 31st, 1848, announced the following as their course of policy in regard to slavery, in which the Board has ever since sustained them.

They will not exclude a church-member *merely* for being a slaveholder!

They will not make it a condition of admission to the Church that a candidate should express a determination not to live and die a slaveholder!

They will not make a general rule to exercise discipline for the buying or selling of slaves by church-members!

They will not make a general rule to exercise discipline for the separation of parents and children by sale or purchase!

They claim that they act, in all this, according to the letter and spirit of the Old and New Testaments!

Finally, their action seems to have been fully in accordance with the above rules, since it does not appear that they have ever refused church-membership to any one on the ground of his being a slaveholder, or ever exercised discipline against a church-member for slaveholding, though the pro-slavery laws there are eminently atrocious and wicked.

We have made this quotation from Dr. Cheever, and this abstract of the position of the missionaries and the Board, to show that it is not for want of a full understanding of the facts in the case that the editors of *The Independent* have chosen the very remarkable line of reply of which we are about to give an abstract.

I. These editors—in an article entitled "The Cherokee Missionaries Arraigned for Abolitionism," in the very paper from which we have been quoting—after giving, from the *New York Herald* (!), the complaints of George Butler, Cherokee Agent under the administration of President Buchanan, to the effect that the Indian missionaries do not act, in regard to slavery, in a manner acceptable to that administration—proceed to arbitrate between Dr. Cheever's statements (supported by quotations from the Reports of the Board) and the version made by a pro-slavery newspaper of the report of a pro-slavery agent to a pro-slavery administration, as follows:

"We suspect that the testimony of Mr. George Butler is more nearly correct than are the speculations of gentlemen a thousand miles this side of the Cherokee country."

That is to say, the statement that the missionaries are Abolitionists, made by persons who use that word as a term of reproach, and who are not satisfied with anything less than advocacy and active support of slavery, is more correct and credible than the statement of Dr. Cheever, fully sustained by evidence, that those missionaries are unjustifiably tolerating slavery in their Churches!

This is the position of the editors of *The Independent*, Oct. 21st.

II. In their issue of the following week, these gentlemen defend and extol, in opposition to Dr. Cheever's criticism, the declaration of Rev. Dr. Hopkins, the newly elected President of the Missionary Board, that that institution "may not be made use of, DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, for the purpose of anti-slavery agitation."

III. In *The Independent* of Nov. 4th, in an article entitled "What are the Facts?" and designed to oppose Dr. Cheever's position, the editors make the following statements:

1. That the missionaries among the Cherokees and Choctaws, being foreigners residing by permission in those nations, "have no such civil and political rights" as to enable them effectively to oppose themselves to slavery.

2. That "there is no evidence that in the Choctaw and Cherokee Churches, which have been gathered by those missionaries, there are ANY SLAVEHOLDERS AT ALL—in the sense in which the word slaveholder is understood by those who make slaveholding, in all circumstances, a crime."

3. The missionaries "do not accept the system of slavery as just," and "do not pervert the Scriptures to the defence of it."

4. "The influence of those missionaries is unequivocally adverse to slavery."

Of these four statements, the first, which is true, is nothing to the purpose, while the other three directly and absolutely reverse the truth.

Nobody has ever demanded of these missionaries any civil or political action against slavery. What Dr. Cheever and the Abolitionists demand of them is that since slaveholding is a common practice, a besetting sin, among the people to whom they preach, they should *preach against it* AS SIN; and should particularly abstain from giving it the sanction of the religion they teach, by admitting slaveholders as church-members, or suffering a church-member to hold a slave without prompt discipline, proceeding, in case of his persistence, to excommunication.

The disingenuousness of thus setting up a man of straw, and then proceeding to demolish him as if he had been set up by their opponents, is bad enough! But what shall we say of the three following assertions, directly contrary as they are, not only to the truth, but to what *these editors knew* to be the truth, having printed it in their own paper as quoted by Dr. Cheever from the letters of the missionaries, in the Annual Reports of the Board?

The missionaries say that they have admitted slaveholders to the Church, and mean still to do so. *The Independent* says that there is *no evidence* that there are ANY SLAVEHOLDERS AT ALL in those Churches!

The missionaries say, in defence of their avowed reception of slaveholders to the Church, that they follow the example of "the Savior and his Apostles." They say further—"We regard it as certain that the Apostles, *who are our patterns*, did receive slaveholders to the communion of the Church." *The Independent* says the missionaries do not accept the system of slavery as just, and do not pervert the Scriptures to the defence of it!!

The missionaries, saying and doing these things in behalf of slavery, in a region where the slaveholders are cruel, and the slave laws eminently wicked and atrocious, do not even pretend, on the other hand, that they ever, in a single instance, set the influence of the Church against slavery by excommunication of a persistent slaveholder, refusal of a slaveholding candidate, or even discipline for extreme cases of cruelty. Yet *The Independent* says that "the influence of those missionaries is UNEQUIVOCALLY ADVERSE to slavery"!!!

What denial of obvious truth could be more direct, more unblushing, more inexcusable than this? Comment is superfluous.

In the interval between now and next September it is to be decided whether the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions shall utterly vanquish its protesting minority, as the Tract Society has done, and henceforth continue its pro-slavery course unopposed and unquestioned, or whether that minority will rally around the few who are ready to be its leaders, spend the rest of the year in active preparation to maintain the right at the next annual meeting, withdraw their support from the Board and from its supporters, and establish organs for the dissemination of religious truth and knowledge which shall maintain *anti*-slavery as heedfully and as unsparingly as any other department of the Gospel of Christ. If that minority shall do thus, their action will do more to diffuse true Christianity than ten revivals from which humanity is shut out that religion may more surely be kept in; more than ten thousand prayer-meetings where Jesus, in the person of the slave, the least of his persecuted and despised little ones, is ruled out as "a controverted point."

COMPLIMENTARY.—The citizens of Foreign birth, who, under the lead of such unscrupulous demagogues as John Mitchel, systematically give their votes for the slave Democracy, are thus complimented in DeBow's *Southern Review*, one of the organs of the slaveholders:

"For household and farming purposes, the Western planters, as a general rule, are dependent upon raw employés imported from abroad. *An uncouth miscellany of Irish, Dutch and Germans comprise the hired workmen of the North.* The majority of these are Irish, the character of whom greatly unfits them for the duties they are employed to fulfil. They are as capricious as only sons—lacking in principle, impatient of control, disposed to cholera and whiskey, and, in the main, unreliable for the purposes of the house and the field."

What sight is more pitiable than that presented by the Irish and German laborers of the North in their blind subserviency to the men who thus despise and insult them! They will discover ere long, we hope, that in consenting to the slavery of the blacks, they are surely forging chains for their own limbs.

THE CANADA RESCUE CASE.

OUR readers have not forgotten the circumstances attending and following the late rescue of a colored boy from the hands of Mr. W. R. Merwin, while passing through Chatham, C. W., on the railroad. The colored people who effected the rescue had good reason to believe that the boy was claimed as a slave; but Merwin, in order to facilitate the boy's recovery and screen himself from the charge of kidnapping, *afterwards* declared that he was free. His representations appear to have won the confidence of the magistrates and people of Chatham, insomuch that the rescuers were heavily fined and ordered to stand committed until their fines should be paid. As we have already stated, the mother of the rescued boy was found at Paterson, N. J., and we suppose she has gone to Canada to give her testimony and claim her son. There is little room for doubt that Merwin intended to kidnap the boy and sell him as a slave. The following affidavit of his employer, Dr. Wood of this city, has been forwarded to Canada, and we hope it may induce the magistrate to release the rescuers from imprisonment and remit their fines:

NEW YORK, Oct. 18th, 1858.

To all whom it may concern.

I would say that W. R. Merwin is a distant relative of mine, his mother being my own cousin. I am and have been familiar with his history for many years. He was born, as he has often told me, in Parkman, Geauga County, Ohio. His mother resides with her second husband in McHenry County, Illinois. From an early date Merwin followed peddling various goods and wares for a living; and in the capacity of a peddler I first became acquainted with him in Lenawee County, Michigan, some eight or ten years ago. Some five or six years ago he stopped at my house in St. Louis, Missouri, on his way to California, where he then went, as I know, he having kept up a correspondence with me all the time. He returned to the City of New York in December, 1856, and remained there some three or four weeks, all the time in the employ of O. J. Wood & Co., to which firm the writer belongs; and then commenced to travel as advertising agent, and has continued to do so until the present time, and in such capacity travelled through the South last winter.

But early in the spring he returned North, and has since travelled with a team for O. J. Wood & Co., and Job Moses, of Rochester, N. Y.

And as it is within the writer's knowledge that he has had no means or money except what he has drawn as salary for travelling, and as he himself drew but little of salary until he got to this city, except such amounts as he has ordered to be sent to his mother from time to time, it is quite certain he had no means while travelling in the South with which to purchase a negro.

But some five or six weeks before he was at Chatham (at the time the boy was fortunately taken from him), the writer, at Auburn, N. Y., learned that Merwin had this negro boy with him. It occurred to me at once—and I could not force the conviction from my mind, knowing as I did his (Merwin) principles—that it was some boy he had picked up probably at Buffalo, and that he intended to take him South and sell him as a slave. And as I knew he must come to New York to settle with us before he went South, whither we designed to send him soon again, I thought I would not let him know what I learned in Auburn until he arrived in New York.

When he did come, I asked him what he meant by carrying the negro boy with him, intimating that he meant to do so at our expense, and that I feared he intended to force the boy away and show foul play to him in the end. This he denied, stating that the boy was sent with him by Job Moses, of Rochester, he (Moses) paying all his expenses, for the purpose of distributing circulars in the different towns through which he might pass, and made no claim to the boy whatever. His explanation to me seemed reasonable, and was accepted. But when, through an article copied from the Detroit *Free Press*, I saw he claimed the boy as his slave, and claimed to be the owner of his father and mother, brothers and sisters, I had every reason to believe that Merwin never had the least shadow of claim to any negro child whatever; and should papers be produced showing bill of sale or his appointment as guardian, proved so by the testimony of parties known to have been formerly legal owners of the boy. It is proper to say, in conclusion, that writing to Mr. Moses to know if he sent the boy to distribute circulars, as alleged by Merwin, Mr. Moses informed me he did not, and never heard of him until he saw him with Merwin after he left New York, and had told the writer the story already related. I make this statement from a sense of duty; and as an act of justice. O. J. WOOD.

Sworn before me, this 18*th day of October*, 1858, JAMES W. FARR, Commissioner of deeds.

HONORS TO THE LATE JUDGE JAY.

At a meeting of the Court and Bar of the County of Westchester, on the 8th inst., the Hon Wm. H. Robertson in the chair, the following resolutions, moved by the Hon. Wm. Nelson, were, after impressive remarks by several gentlemen, unanimously adopted:

Whereas, since the last term of the Court of this County, the hand of death has removed from among us the Hon. William Jay, for a quarter of a century the presiding officer of the Court of Common Pleas, whose official career was marked by extensive learning, punctilious attention to his duties, strict and fearless uprightness, as well as by uniform courtesy toward the bar and all others with whom he was brought into contact; and whose life was noted for a conscientious observance of justice toward all, for eminent usefulness, and every virtue ennobling to human character, thus securing for him the veneration and regard of all classes of his fellow-citizens; therefore,

Resolved, That this meeting take this opportunity to express their deep sympathy with the family and friends of Judge Jay, in the bereavement which they sustain by his death.

Resolved, That Judge Jay, by the purity and simplicity of his life, by his liberality toward every measure deemed by him to be conducive to the benefit of his fellow-men, by his strict justice, by his hatred of oppression and wrong, by or upon whomsoever inflicted, by his love for those cherished truths which regulated his conduct and sustained and cheered him at the termination of his career, has left behind him an example worthy of our studious imitation; and that the reverence with which the name and character of our departed friend were mentioned everywhere illustrates the truth of the inspired declaration that "the memory of the just is blessed."

Resolved, That his Honor Judge Robertson is hereby requested to cause the foregoing preamble and resolutions to be entered upon the minutes of the County Court of this county, and that the Clerk of said Court be directed to transmit a copy to the family of the late Judge Jay.

Mr. Nelson spoke of his relations to the family of the deceased, commencing with the late John Jay, the incorruptible statesman and upright jurist, and went on to say that William Jay had ever proved himself worthy of his parentage. He recited his virtues, and said that his example was a worthy one and safe to imitate.

Mr. Robert S. Hartt seconded the resolutions, and eulogized the late Judge Jay as a lover of justice, the hater of every species of oppression, the Christian jurist, the pure and virtuous citizen, who ever had shown himself the friend and encourager of young men and the glory of the judicial station. A great man had fallen, one whom they had been long accustomed to revere and esteem; and now, in their grief, they looked in vain for another worthy to bear his mantle or succeed to his honors.

Judge Robertson, upon putting the motion, remarked that he felt himself obligated to join in this tribute to the memory of Judge Jay from the peculiar relations that had existed between them. He had been born within sight of his mansion, and enjoyed his friendship from his youth upward. He gave me his confidence, continued Mr. Robertson, and his approbation of my conduct. The success attending me was ever to him a source of pleasure; as indeed was the prosperity of every young man of his acquaintance.

From 1818 till 1843 he was Judge of this Court. His judicial career was worthy of his noble sire, John Jay, the statesman of the Revolution, the author of the glorious State Constitution of 1777, and the first head of the United States Supreme Court. He was a model officer—a just judge. He dispensed justice from the bench with learning and wisdom, with stern integrity and the strictest impartiality. His neighbors, his friends, strangers, the rich and the poor, were punished alike for violation of law.

During the twenty-five years that he was Judge of this county, no trial, civil or criminal, occupied more than one day. It may appear strange to the younger members of the bar that so great rapidity, so great saving of time, could be exercised in the dispensing of justice, and the rights of all be regarded. But Judge Jay was a jurist of the highest attainments. Whenever a point was raised, he was familiar with it, and the law applicable to it, and usually decided it without argument. If either party sought to introduce irrelevant or improper testimony, he would reject it immediately, before the other had time to raise an objection. It will thus be perceived by all familiar with trials, and who are aware how much time is occupied in arguing motions, and in the introduction of irrelevant testimony, how it was that Judge Jay, by divesting the proceedings of all this useless rubbish and confining them to the main issues, was enabled to dispose of cases so summarily, and at the same time so justly. He was just to the prosecution; he was just to the prisoner; and he regarded the interests of the people of this county.

He was an exemplary citizen. Those with whom he differed in sentiment, always conceded to him sincerity, purity and integrity. He was religious without intolerance, upright without bigotry, merciful and generous without weakness. As a man in private, public and Christian life, he was a rare model. By his death, the community in which he lived has lost one of its most useful members, humanity one of its brightest ornaments, Christianity one of its noblest exemplars.

In conclusion, I would state that Mr. John Jay has in his possession an excellent portrait of his father, a copy of which might be made by some eminent artist and suspended in the Court-room at White Plains. It would subserve an excellent purpose. Counsel might be incited to take higher position than that of the mere pettifogger. Jurors would be impelled to render exact justice to plaintiff and defendant, while witnesses, suitors and spectators would be inspired with purer motives.

The following are the resolves of the New York Historical Society:

The New York Historical Society has received with deep regret the announcement of the decease of one of its earliest members, William Jay. He was the only surviving son of one of the purest of patriots and most upright men who aided in forming the Republic of the United States. Trained by such a father, he was accomplished as a scholar, eminent as a citizen, just as a judge, candid and benevolent as a man, and sincere as a Christian. It is fitting that the memory of his spotless life should be preserved and revered; therefore, be it unanimously

Resolved, That in the death of the late Judge William Jay, the New York Historical Society has lost one of its most useful and respected members, to whom it has been often greatly indebted, and whose name it esteems among the most illustrious upon its roll. His long and active life was full of instructive example; and his surviving associates, while they remember that he was called away in the ripeness of honorable years, mourn his departure, and will cherish and venerate his fragrant memory.

Resolved, That a copy of this record, attested by the proper officers of the Society, be communicated to the family of the deceased, with the assurance of our sympathy in their great bereavement.

The following Minute was adopted by the American Peace Society:

The Directors of the American Peace Society, while acknowledging the hand of God in the recent death of the Hon. William Jay, our beloved and venerated President, desire to record our high estimate of his distinguished and manifold excellences as a man, a Christian and a model Christian patriot, philanthropist and reformer, but more especially our grateful sense of the important services he had long rendered to the cause of peace. As our President for the last ten years of his life, his well-known and universally respected name has been a tower of strength, and, besides the liberal contributions of his purse, we have been indebted to his polished and powerful pen for two annual addresses before our Society, for his unanswerable review of the Mexican War, as waged in the interest of slavery, and for his brief but admirable Essay on Peace and War, embodying the practical idea of arbitration as a substitute for the sword. His interest in our great work, though slow in its rise, steadily increased to the last. We thank God that we have so long been permitted to enjoy his leadership in the cause of Peace, and now to embalm in our hearts so precious a memory of his worth and his services.

To the relatives, who have so much reason to mourn his loss, we tender our deepest sympathy and condolence.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee be requested to make arrangements, at their discretion, for the delivery of a public eulogy on the Hon. William Jay, the late President of our Society.

Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary be directed to forward a copy of the foregoing record to the family of the late Judge Jay.

AT a meeting of the Vestry and Congregation of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Messiah, in the City of New York, on the 20th day of October, 1858, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

1. That while we feel it our duty, at all times, to bow in humble submission to the will of Him in whose hand are the issues of life and of death, we cannot but lament, and deeply, the recent decease of the Hon. William Jay.

2. That in the death of so eminent a person, the community has lost one of its brightest ornaments; the Judiciary one of its ablest expounders of the law; the Church, one of its most pious and devoted members; and the oppressed, the down-trodden and the enslaved, one of their sincerest friends and ablest advocates.

3. That we sincerely and devoutly hope and pray that his example in opposition to the anti-Christian institution of slavery will be imitated by others, until our entire country shall practically carry out the principle recorded in our American Declaration of Independence, namely: "That all men are born equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness."

4. That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the relatives of the deceased as a token of our sympathy in their bereavement.

5. That these resolutions be printed in the *Evening Post*, NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *Tribune*.

Signed, WM. A. TYSON, *Chairman*.
CHARLES A. HORTON, Jr., *Warden*.

HAMMOND'S SPEECH.

WE were on the point of writing a brief paragraph to call attention to the remarkable speech which occupies our Pro-Slavery Department this week—(we have not room for extended comment)—when we received the following communication, embodying the substance of what we intended to say.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Allow me to express the hope that you will publish in THE STANDARD, at an early day, the recent speech of Senator Hammond of South Carolina, delivered at Barnwell, in that State. I presume you design to do so, as I know it is your habit to lay before your readers all important Southern documents. This speech was evidently designed for a much wider circle than that of the Senator's own constituency, and will not fail to obtain it. It is indeed a masterly speech in point of ingenuity, cunning and effrontery. Since the times of John C. Calhoun, we have had nothing from the South of so cool, deliberate and comprehensive a character. It indicates a decided change in the tactics of the slaveholders. The *fire-eating* course is henceforth to be discouraged and frowned upon, the blood-and-thunder part is to be laid aside (that is, if Senator Hammond's advice shall be taken), and hereafter our Southern slaveholding brothers are to roar us as gently as 'twere any nightingale! Senator Hammond perceives that the *ruffian* dodge is now seen through and despised by all intelligent people of the North, whose number is now too large to be safely left out of the account. Hence the proposed change of Southern policy, which this speech unfolds with a coolness, complacency and cant of piety and benevolence, worthy the arch-fiend himself. It is especially edifying, after reading his inflated boasting of the intelligence, strength and power of the slaveholding States, of their numerous past successes, of their now indispensable importance not merely to this country, but to Europe and *the world*, to come, near the close of his speech, to these words, which, Mr. Editor, as the distinct admission of a leading Southern statesman, as the proof of the complicity of the Northern States in all the guilt of man-stealing, and as branding the Northern National Democracy (as Benjamin F. Hallett, the Northern Judas Iscariot, calls the party of his latest adoption) with the infamy which rightfully attaches to them as the tools whereby the slaveholder works, I will ask you to print in emphatic type, and repeat, from time to time, in your paper, for the instruction of those who yet believe that we can have an innocent or an honest union with those who steal their fellow-men, and daily defraud them of their hire. These are the Senator's words:

"*But the slave States, constituting, and, as I think, forever to constitute, a numerical minority, can, however,* ACCOMPLISH NOTHING IN THIS UNION WITHOUT THE AID OF FAITHFUL ALLIES IN THE FREE STATES."

These "faithful allies" in the North are clearly indicated and duly commended. Wilfully blind are they who do not see that these are the really dangerous men amongst us. Their talent of lying, of vacillation, of accommodation to their masters' wishes, of knavery of every description, is inexhaustible. The work now chiefly to be done is to detect, arraign and brand these men. Many of them are already well known. Let not one of these selfish and craven traitors be allowed to escape.

S. M.

AMERICAN REPUTATION ABROAD.—The London *Statesman*, in the course of a well-considered review of the state of political parties in Great Britain, thus alludes to the bad reputation of the United States in that country:

"Twenty years ago the middle classes were strongly in favor of such reforms as would assimilate our institutions to those of America, believing as they then did in the superiority of America. But the ascendancy of the Democratic party, under General Jackson and his successors, has caused so enormous an increase of expenditure, and so frightful an increase of jobbery and corruption in every department of the republican government, while it has been at the same time accompanied by so many acts of despotic tyranny on the part of the executive, as to have produced a strong reaction against 'American principles,' which are now clearly seen to be neither more nor less than the principles of the first French revolution, with a Transatlantic flavor, not by any means calculated to render them more palatable to sound-hearted English politicians."

In another place the same paper says:

"When Miss Martineau visited the United States in 1834, she was forcibly struck with this want of allegiance to law. The evils which must flow from such a state of anarchy were depicted by her in the strongest terms, but no one would listen. They were quite aware of the evil, they said, but patriotism called upon them to remain quiet, 'because they sincerely believed that by speaking and acting they should endanger the Union.' The *rowdies* must, therefore, be allowed to have their own way, for fear of the Union. What a set of cowardly politicians the patriots of the present day must be, compared with the men who fought at Bunker's Hill!"

SLAVERY IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

WE have published, within the last two years, a great amount of evidence showing that slavery, in its worst form, exists in the Northern Methodist Church; but on this subject it is necessary to give line upon line, to confound those unscrupulous preachers in the Methodist fold who constantly insist that their Church is almost or quite free of contamination from this source. Here is a letter from a min

selected, for the abolition party is the most skilled one that has ever risen in this country, and the dissolution of the Union is the last thing they want. Mr. Douglas undoubtedly calculates (if re-elected) that his political position will be so strong that he will be able to coerce the whole party, or, by dividing it, subject it to the certain alternative of a defeat at the hands of the abolition party. If the Democratic party is as timid and contemptible as he is good-natured enough to suppose it, this sort of arithmetic may do; but I imagine he will find it still has sufficient self-respect remaining (in spite of his attempts to demoralize it) not to permit itself to be dragooned into his service whenever it may suit him to make use of it. When, a little less than a year ago, he virtually separated himself from the Democratic party, he struck the severest blow it was in his power to inflict upon it. He then also threw away the strongest and sharpest arrow in his quiver. In his ill-judged attempt to make himself the party, he inflicted upon his political reputation an incurable wound, which will disqualify him for service as a leader of it to the end of his life. So that, with all the prestige of a reelection to the Senate, he is really not a tittle more formidable than he was last winter, when, at the very pinnacle of his factious opposition, he was treated as an alien and a traitor. Taking this view of his case, his chances of bullying or bribing the fifteen Democratic States of the South into his support are melancholy in the extreme."

PERSONAL.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER, the famous traveller, died recently at Vienna. She was more than 60 years of age.

From a letter received from Alexander Dumas, it appears that that indefatigable writer has recovered from his late illness, and has left St. Petersburg on a tour into Siberia.

John P. Hale is making quite a sensation as a lecturer. His theme, "Nationality," affords opportunity for the exercise of his genial wit as well as the advocacy of the political principles to which he is committed.

The Unitarian church in Harrison Avenue, Boston, recently under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Coolidge, has invited the Rev. Wm. H. Channing, of the Hope Chapel, Liverpool, England, to become its minister.

The Rev. Samuel E. Cornish, a colored man, once somewhat conspicuous as an Abolitionist, but whose anti-slavery was not strong enough to induce him to sever his connection with the Old School Presbyterian Church, died a few days since in Brooklyn.

The one hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of the birth-day of Benjamin Banneker was celebrated in Philadelphia on Wednesday, the 10th inst. Benjamin Banneker—a slave in Maryland—was possessed of considerable mathematical abilities. He made an almanac which attracted a good deal of attention and led to a correspondence between him and the President of the United States.

F. W. Chesson, in a letter to *The Liberator*, dated Oct. 11th, gives cheering news of the convalescence of George Thompson. He says:

"Considering the aggravated nature of the complaint from which he was suffering on his return from India, the progress he has made towards recovery is truly surprising. Three months ago, he had lost the use of all his limbs, and suffered fearfully from a complication of maladies. Never for a moment, either by night or day, was he free from racking pain, and often, all the night through, his sufferings were increased by attacks of delirium. Now he is able, without assistance, to travel from one part of London to another, and even to walk short distances. It is true that he is not yet strong enough to transact business, much less to engage in any labors of a public character; but these advantages will, no doubt, come in due time. In only one respect has Mr. Thompson failed to improve so rapidly as he could desire—he has not yet recovered the use of his hands, although signs of returning strength in them are not wanting. When Mr. Thompson arrived in England, the chances of his recovery were very slender; indeed, one of the medical men in attendance on him said he thought that his recovery was impossible. He is now, therefore, like one really risen from the dead. It is to be hoped that he may recover in time to take part in the Reform agitation which is likely to be energetically prosecuted during the forthcoming winter."

Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, occupied the pulpit of the Second Unitarian Church (Rev. Mr. Longfellow's), in Brooklyn, on the last Sunday, preaching two discourses of a very impressive and edifying quality, in which the claims of those in bonds were not forgotten. It deserves to be mentioned, that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher not only read to his congregation a notice that had been sent him of Mr. Furness's evening service, but took occasion to commend him as a preacher who, however differing from himself upon questions of theology, had stood up boldly for righteousness and freedom in a city where Cotton dominated alike over press and pulpit. Some might think it strange that he, an orthodox minister, should give notice of the preaching of a Unitarian; but it was *not* strange at all, for he loved, and must ever love, A MAN, of whatever creed, who dared to stand, as only A MAN could, for God and humanity, when nearly all around him were false. "There are some of you," said Mr. B., "to whom I have preached a long time without seeming to do you much good. I advise you to go and hear Dr. Furness, who may, by God's help, stir your souls to manly action."

EDWARD EVERETT has enrolled his name with that of the great Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and the world-renowned Emerson Bennett, as a writer for that vehicle of "yellow-covered literature," *The New York Ledger*. The inducement was, the payment of $10,000 by the proprietor of that delectable sheet to the fund for the purchase of the Mount Vernon estate. Mr. Everett has agreed to contribute an original article once a week for a year, to be published under the title of "The Mount Vernon Papers." *The Tribune* says:

"The Mount Vernon tomb is very much like poverty—it makes strange bed-fellows. Bonner and Everett, for instance, under the same counterpane! A sort of thing which we should not have looked for, but upon which we may look with reverence, now that it has come. To save Mount Vernon is worth while—to rescue those immortal bones from the very mortal man who has them in keeping is worth while; but have we a right to demand such sacrifices of the ancient editor of The Greek Reader? What will Mr. Everett write about? And, before he begins to write, may we caution him? He will be *vis-a-vis* with 'The Parson Turned Pirate.' He will be checky-jowl with 'The Bloody Cart-Wheel.' He will encounter 'The Fatal Poignard.' He will be smooched by 'The Drop of Blood.' He will have to bear the ringing articulations of 'The Maiden's Curse.' Is Mr. Everett ready for all this? If so, let him go ahead! It is something of a slide from *The North American Review* to the other publication! But the spirit of Washington will undoubtedly gaze upon it with rapture."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for October (American Edition, Leonard Scott & Co.), contains the following papers:

What will he do with it? Part XVII.
Animal Heat.
A Plea for Shams.
The Light of the Hearth, Part II.
The Atlantic Wedding-Ring.
The Ballad Poetry of Scotland and Ireland.
Lord Clyde's Campaign in India.

In the pages of *Blackwood* the political principles and the high literary culture of British Toryism are ever illustrated. If the American reader is constrained to dissent from the one, he can at least admire and enjoy the other.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for October (Leonard Scott & Co.'s American Edition) contains eight articles, as follows:

1. France under Louis Napoleon.
2. Indian Heroes.
3. F. W. Newman and his Evangelical Critics.
4. Travel during the last Half Century.
5. The Calas Tragedy.
6. Realism in Art: Recent German Fiction.
7. Outbreak of the English Revolution. 1642.
8. Cotemporary Literature.

The first of these articles presents a faithful portraiture of the condition of France under the rule of the present Emperor, and gives us a view of the causes which are likely to result, at no distant day, in a successful revolution against Imperial Despotism. Art. No. 3 will be read with avidity not only by persons who bear the name of "heretics," but by those also who are seeking occasion to denounce the *Westminster* for the hospitality it affords to heretical opinions.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. No. CCXX. October, 1858. American Edition. Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street.

The contents are as follows:

1. Memoirs of the Court of England during the Regency, 1811—1820.
2. Report of the Trial of Madeline Smith at Edinburg, June, 1857.
3. History of Ancient Pottery.
4. M. Guizot's Historical Memoirs.
5. Contributions to the Philosophy of Vision.
6. The Earls of Kildare and their Ancestors.
7. Studies of Homer and the Homeric Age.
8. Guy Livingstone or Thoroughly.
9. The Slave Trade in 1858.
10. Froude's History of England.

The ninth article is a lucid and comprehensive exposure of the shallow sophistries of the pro-slavery reactionist party in Great Britain—the party which is now making a desperate effort to induce the British government and people to recede from the anti-slavery policy inaugurated by Clarkson and Wilberforce and lend their mighty influence to promote the schemes of the Slavery Propagandists. The writer is evidently familiar with the history of the anti-slavery controversy both in Great Britain and the United States, and, having a clear perception of the great principles as well as the momentous interests involved in the struggle, has been moved to make a strong appeal to the humanity and common sense of the British nation in behalf of justice and liberty, and in resistance to the plots of the worshipers of "King Cotton." The appearance of such an article in the pages of a work which exerts so powerful an influence upon the public opinion of the world is itself a cheering event. We hope it may, in connection with other and kindred agencies, serve to rekindle in Great Britain that intense sentiment of hostility to slavery which culminated in the emancipation of the slaves of the West Indies in 1834, and at the same time guide that sentiment into a practical and hearty co-operation with the uncompromising opponents of slavery in the United States.

PROHIBITION OF SLAVE-HUNTING.

THE Legislature which will assemble in Albany on the first of January will contain a large majority of Republicans in both branches, and we hope that earnest Abolitionists in every County will put its anti-slavery character to the test by sending in petitions, as numerously signed as possible, praying for the enactment of a law prohibiting slave-hunting, under the severest penalties, on the soil of the Empire State. The Abolitionists of Massachusetts are making a strong movement for such a law in that State, and the Legislature of Vermont, now in session, has been plied with petitions, influentially signed, and now has the subject under consideration. The number of Garrisonian Abolitionists in this State is not large, but if they will all take hold of the work in earnest, they can produce a wholesome agitation and gain a large number of signatures to their petitions. In some localities the work is already begun, but we fear that in many others, where we have one or more readers, nothing has yet been attempted. We entreat every friend of the cause in this State, who may read what we now write, to make a copy of the following petition, and at once commence the work of obtaining signatures. Let us go up to the Republican Legislature with our demands that the soil of the State shall be protected from the incursions of the man-hunter, and if they refuse to enact a law for that purpose, let us hold them responsible as the abettors of kidnapping.

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, respectfully ask you to enact that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this Commonwealth, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the Slave States of this Union.

A LETTER FROM ROCHESTER.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I FEEL moved, as the Friends say, to give you a brief history of the series of Liberal Christian meetings held in the Unitarian Church of our city, during the months of September and October.

More especially are you, and all true friends of the slave, interested in said meetings, because of the fact that AARON M. POWELL, whose few years of public life have been dedicated to the cause of the oppressed, ministered therein the words of truth and righteousness. Mr. Powell's health, for the past year, has been too much impaired, by the exposure and exhaustion incident to the itinerant Anti-Slavery Lecturing life, for continued labors in that department. And not without many fears for the consequences did his friends consent to his giving the series of discourses, on Liberal Christianity and its Mission, in Rochester. But his spirit longed for utterance, and strength for the work seemed given him. Indeed, each added week brought to him increased vigor and energy of body, and consequent power for intellectual effort. And he, one week ago, returned to his own quiet home, much stronger and far more hopeful of regaining his former and even greater physical vigor than when he left the loved home circle, two months before.

Mr. Powell's meetings were held in the Unitarian church, simply because our city affords no eligible hall for small gatherings; and this church being unoccupied, its trustees were generous enough to open it to the free utterance of liberal words. In fact, Mr. P. spoke in the Unitarian church on precisely the same conditions that he would have done in Corinthian Hall, entirely free from all sectarian connection or obligation. His ritual and liturgy were none other than he would have had outside of the church, provided he could have secured the presence of a choir and organ. They were, 1st, Voluntary by the Choir; 2d, Reading selections from the Scriptures; 3d, Chant by the Choir, in place of the usual extempore prayer; 4th, Reading and Singing of Hymn; 5th, Discourse; 6th, Silent Prayer, followed by Chant of the Lord's Prayer by the Choir; 7th, Reading and Singing Hymn; 8th, Close.

There was a peculiar beauty and impressiveness in the silence that followed the discourse, far exceeding any word of vocal prayer; then the breaking of the stillness by the soft music, chanting that inimitable prayer of eighteen centuries, "Our Father, which art in Heaven," &c., added greatly to the pleasurable emotion. That the word uttered from time to time was fitting the hour was evidenced in the fact that the numbers of those in attendance steadily increased to the last of the series of eight meetings. The audiences equalled in size the usual Unitarian congregation, even when W. H. Channing spoke his strong and noble word among us. They were composed, mainly, not of Unitarians, nor of the old Abolitionists, but of people accustomed to attend the popular churches and no religious meeting at all. A few of the more hearty anti-slavery Unitarians gave their presence and hearty approval; the large majority of them, however, not only withheld their presence, but were greatly displeased that the trustees should open the church to an uncompromising and outspoken Abolitionist. One of the latter class, who attended the first meeting, was heard to say that so sure as Mr. Powell said "*nigger*," he should leave the house. Enough that the first was the last Sunday he was seen there. Too many of the Unitarians of Rochester are such merely for sectarian ends. "The Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, irrespective of color and sex," are no part of their practical creed.

The Old Abolitionists, save hardly the apostolic number, absented themselves from Mr. Powell's meetings, almost wholly, because they could not in conscience give countenance or support to any religious meeting where the *one man* only has the right to the platform. With them, the principle of a free platform and free discussion is paramount, and must on all occasions be maintained. Would that the testimony of their own lips did not prove them guilty of violating their pet idea of a free meeting; but, alas, the Sunday morning meetings, which they regularly attend, and which a portion of them helped to establish, are, by a vote of the majority, restricted to the discussion of the one subject of Spiritualism, and that by the one person appointed or invited. And the publicly avowed object of several of the pro-slavery advocates of the vote was to rid the meeting of the unwelcome intrusion of "*niggerism*," by one who had been in the habit of attending and participating in the discussions. This proscribed person has long been a faithful friend and public advocate of the slave. And I submit that, while that vote remains unrescinded, they who give their countenance and support to that meeting by their presence, though hitherto esteemed the very elect of the anti-slavery host, do it at the sacrifice of the four millions of prostrate, helpless, speechless victims of the slave-driver's lash. "But," answer our Old Abolitionists, "notwithstanding the rule, our speakers do talk good anti-slavery, and we, the Spiritualists, are so few in number that, without united cooperation, we could not provide a room for our itinerant lecturers and mediums to speak in." Just so professedly anti-slavery Methodists, Presbyterians, Quakers and others tell us their ministers preach good anti-slavery every Sunday, and excuse their connection with, and seeming concession to, the dominant and more persistent pro-slavery brethren and Churches on the ground that the ends of their sects cannot otherwise be accomplished. The true anti-slavery answer to the sophisms of the modern Spiritualist is the same it ever has been to the popular church member, viz., "Better stand alone with truth, and with God, than purchase the privileges of religious association at so fearful a price. Never sacrifice the slave for any consideration. No end, however desirable, can sanctify unholy or compromising means." That Spiritualism can and does thus blind the eyes of the long-tried and faithful few, whose vision for the slave has been, and in other directions still is, so clear, so true, only proves that it, like every other ism, when pursued for itself, as an end, most surely and sadly vitiatiates the moral perceptions. Spiritualism, as a sectarianism, is no more the friend of the slave than is Quakerism, Methodism and their kindred. Neither is it, or are they, in and of themselves, inimical to the slave. The tendency of one and all, to the one side or the other, depends wholly on their position, their connection and terms of association with men and institutions committed to the patronage and support of the slaveholder and his apologists. The professed Anti-Slavery Spiritualist, Methodist, Quaker, Baptist, Presbyterian, will take with him or her to the door of their church, the poor, despised, outraged black slave, and his admission with them, his equal recognition in all the rights and privileges they enjoy, shall be sure proof that with them there is no compromise of the slave. Anti-Slavery demands of the Spiritualist neither more nor less than of any other religionist. The slave, everywhere in this guilty land, is the one sure test of the genuineness of our Christian professions.

The simple, truthful earnestness of spirit exhibited in Mr. Powell's every word and action won him the personal respect and kindly feeling of all, socially, and greatly deepened the impression of his public utterances. It is the true life behind the spoken word that, more than all else, renders it effective for good.

The terrible tragedy in our city of the unfortunate victim of the law—Ira Stout—made special occasion for the Anti-Capital Punishment meeting at the City Hall, so shamefully broken up by a lawless mob. In the midst of that sea of tumult and uproar, Mr. Powell, though the third speaker and a stranger among us, with no oratorical repute, proved that even a riotous rabble could for a season be held by his deeply religious, earnest word and manner. His discourse, on the Sunday following the mob, on "Christian Civilization," his speech on the "Death Penalty and Imprisonment," in Corinthian Hall, and his closing Sunday discourse on "Organized Crime," all growing out of the demand of the hour, were, each in their way, timely and effective. Indeed, all his public utterances were characterized with clearness and strength of intellectual perception and comprehension, and thoroughly based on the true granite—the Divinity in man—and that Divinity equally sacred everywhere. The immutable law of the inviolability of the Divine element in man, no circumstances of color, sex or condition may annul.

Grateful to the true friends of human progress is the memory that we have had in our midst, even for a few weeks, so faithful and fearless a searcher after the highest and best revelation of God in man—one who, with no thought of worldly reputation, boldly rebuked popular legalized crime, and that, too, at the trial hour, when even the professed friends of the sacredness of human life said, "*Wait*, don't try" to stay the tide of revenge and cold-blooded murder that seems sweeping away every land-mark of the Christian doctrine of Love to all men; "it's of no use, the people won't listen."

Mr. Powell's manly and Christ-like rebukes of the popular Church and clergy, the pharisees of our day, who joined with the chief rulers and the rabble in the cry of "hang him," "hang him," did honor to the great Teacher whose disciple he is. And his earnest word for the abrogation of the old law of "blood for blood," as well as the abolition of the "patriarchal" institution of slavery, was heard and felt beyond the few hundreds who listened within the church walls, from Sunday to Sunday. The simple fact that an open and avowed Abolitionist, one who measured every profession of Christianity, whether by individual or organization, by its faithfulness to the slave—the fact that one whose life is consecrated to the Christ of our own day, in the persons of the four millions of despised, outraged slaves, hungering, thirsting, naked, sick and in prison, of whom the Christ of eighteen centuries ago said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto me"—the fact that the utterances of such a spirit were responded to by goodly numbers of our liberal citizens, and ever and anon a single earnest, hungering soul drawn to them from the popular pro-slavery Churches, was a continual, living rebuke to the time-serving, mammon-worshipping, slavery-apologizing religion of our city, and a perpetual testimony on the side of freedom and of God. And would that the few among us who profess and really do love the cause of the down-trodden had the living, active faith to secure the continuance of such public utterances in our city. But, alas, the best of us fall far short of truly and fully appreciating the great results that ever come of truth in its simplicity, lived and spoken. We forget that all genuine moral growth of individuals and nations is ever slow, and scarcely traceable to its source. Because we cannot do a great work and see its immediate results, we fold our hands and do nothing. We "*wait*," but do not "*labor*" meanwhile, and hence are "*losers*" by our waiting.

May we take to our hearts new hope, and the living, trusting faith that is the sure outgrowth of earnest, active well-doing, ever remembering that

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Rochester, Nov. 9, 1858.

For The Standard.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I.

NOBLEST of a race of Nobles!
King, a host of kings among!
Worthiest of the Painter's pencil,
Of the Poet's grandest song!
With a form Apollo fashioned,
Head that sculptors love to mould;
With an eye whose gleaming glances
Seeing, we recall the old
Rock-bound, Jove-defying rebel,
Who, in spite of Tyrant's ire,
Broke the ancient chain of Usage,
Snatched the all-subduing fire,
That the sons of men might be
Equal to their Deity,
Regal, uncontrolled and free.

II.

Never to a wayward nation
Was a nobler teacher given;
Grand must be our destined mission,
When such prophet sends us Heaven;
With a gentle voice and manly,
Words with choicest culture culled,
Utters he his God-sent message
To a race whose conscience, dulled
By the adder-arts of Mammon,
Never hears the boudmen's cry,
Never hearkens to their wailings,
Audible beyond the sky;
Never hears the warnings old,
Uttered by apostles bold—
Race whose Deity is—Gold.

III.

Unabashed by scoffing despots,
In his ministry sublime,
Still with jewelled hand he scatters,
In God's vineyard of our time,
Truths which, like the Dragon's hell-teeth,
Soon will spring up armèd men,
To avenge the fettered bondman:
Where will Mammon's sneers be *then*?
Cæsar, clad in gayest costume,
Living Plutarchs will recall,
When these warnings, robed with vengeance,
On the slaver's doomed head fall;
Teaching those who hear the word
Of the prophets of the Lord—
Yet who heed not—with a sword.

Malden, Mass. JOHN BALL, JR.

ABOLITIONISTS IN MARYLAND.—The state of alarm which prevails in the Northern portion of Maryland is thus depicted in the Cambridge *Herald*:

"The whole State of Maryland is being overrun with Abolitionists—particularly this Shore, as recent developments have proved. There are a great many in Dorchester, Somerset and Worcester Counties, in disguise, who are constantly persuading our slaves away, and providing means for their escape. We were told by a gentleman from Somerset, a few days ago, that there were so many Abolitionists in that county, it is almost impossible to secure a runaway in that community without having him taken away from you."

That there are in Maryland, as in other parts of the South, many persons who sympathize with the slaves, and who do not hesitate to risk their property and their lives in helping them to escape, is true enough; but the idea that they are Northern Abolitionists in disguise is so ridiculous that it could not be entertained for a moment by the slaveholders if they were not in such a state of trepidation as constantly to "fear each bush an officer."

MANNER AND MATTER OF MR. SEWARD.—The Rev. J. D. Long, late of Maryland, now of Auburn, having listened to one of Senator Seward's speeches, writes as follows in *The Northern Independent*:

"In appearance, Mr. Seward reminded me of an Old School Maryland gentleman, minus a shirt collar and ruffle shirt. In voice and gesture he is not a model orator. We were amused at the Hon. Senator stopping in the midst of a splendid sentence to drink water and take a pinch of snuff. But what was lacking in manner was abundantly atoned for in matter. He assailed American slavery—the mammoth sin of the nation—as only a giant and imperial mind could have done. He showed that slavery was a crime as well as a political disease; that slavery is war, the most villanous and brutal of the wars. It was war against the innocent and unoffending. Other wars had truces and times of peace, but slavery was unceasing, and designing to go on. He showed how it corrupted the entire government, and had the army and navy at command, and had made the free States the hunting-ground of the slaveholders. Mr. Seward took high moral ground against slavery itself, wherever found in the Union, and by whomsoever sustained. We had anticipated to hear much said about slavery in Kansas, and keeping it out of the Territory, and free soil for white men. But I was agreeably delighted to find that there was no apologizing for it anywhere, and no slang and sneers at Abolitionists. As a Southern Abolitionist, how glad I would be to hear such principles as he enunciated on the occasion proclaimed in my native Maryland, by her leading men."

THE TWENTY-FIFTH
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

As this coming anniversary, though the twenty-fifth from the beginning of that social and financial series which have been so greatly promotive of our cause, will be the first of a series from which a far greater social and financial efficacy may be anticipated in its behalf—and as the change in the method of its observance, by rendering the Christmas and New Year's season inconsequential, favors a change in the time of its appointment which is, for many reasons, advisable—the day and evening proposed will fall somewhat later than heretofore, making it the first anti-slavery occasion of the year 1859.

One great object of the change from sale to subscription is to ensure the broadest possible home-coöperation, and thus to deserve the most generous possible foreign one, in this THE GREAT CAUSE OF THE WORLD.

Every friend and well-wisher who has heretofore rejoiced in the opportunity to show good will by purchase is now entreated to do so by subscription; a cordial invitation being extended by the ladies (whose names are attached to the circular in another column) for the occasion hereafter to be advertised.

It will be an occasion for conversation, consultation and mutual aid; for the social and festive congratulations of the new year, as well as an opportunity for the discharge of our pecuniary debts to the Cause, according to the full measure of pecuniary ability, whether it be positively great or small, or that measure made great by its grand accompaniment of a devoted life which has cut down its amount as a sum of money.

The friends of the Cause abroad are already at work, and will all be present in the spirit at this reünion—some of them, doubtless, in fact also. The following—one of their communications among themselves—accompanied by a private letter of great interest, will greatly encourage and cheer all who are now hard at work in the New England field, at the West and elsewhere.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Committee desire to call the attention of the friends of liberty, in Bristol and the neighborhood, to the present position and need of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY. They do this the more freely and hopefully because, in the good providence of God, the issue of the great, vital, world question has now to be decided in the United States. Let slavery be abolished there, and its universal death-blow will be given. No civilized country will then bind its fetters upon Christ's freemen.

The American Anti-Slavery Society has, from its origin, had one single, simple object—the emancipation of the slave. Its supporters have been content to work and wait for this as the blessing of Heaven to come in due time upon their labors. Its most zealous Agents have, for this, given up all worldly business, all professional advancement, all hope of outward prosperity—twenty-five years of life filled with persecutions manifold; and some have died in the struggle in faith, not having received the promise.

British aid to its funds has, for a long period, chiefly gone in the shape of contributions to the BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR. The leaders of the cause in America have now determined that the time has come when direct subscriptions in money will best serve the holy cause. Therefore, they ask British aid in that form, as giving, at once, substantial support and an expression of sympathy in their labors.

They ask this at our hands and hearts because the field of exertion is continually extending, needing more Lecturers, more Agents, more Printing, more of all that sends an electric stream of divine compassion and of eternal justice through the souls of their countrymen, waking them up to a conviction of duty to their colored brethren—duty never more to slumber or be lulled to sleep, until they shall, equally with themselves, hold, as their own from the common Father, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

One new mode of action has been adopted which will entail much labor and much expense in working; but which, under the Divine blessing, we trust will prove the beginning of the end. It is this. A petition is being circulated in Massachusetts, through all its cities, towns and villages, calling upon the Legislature of that State to make it "*free soil*," so that no slave can be born there, no human chattel live there, no one be tried and convicted there of being a slave and sent off to impious bondage; but that every child of God shall stand erect there, in natural and law-protected possession of his rights and liberties.

This movement followed up to success in Massachusetts, the other free States must catch the flame. And it is a fire from Heaven that will burn with a steady and unquenchable vigor, purging out the dross and leaving the pure gold of State Institutions. It will show what strength and what blessedness are ordained for the people who do what is right in the sight of God.

Signed on behalf of the Society,
ANN TERRY, 9 Portland street, Kingsdown, *President*.
MARTHA SYPPERAS, Ashley Down, *Treasurer*.
MARY THOMAS, Woodcote, Stoke Bishop, *Secretary*.

At the sight of such documents as this all worthy Americans will renew their resolution that the generous coöperation of Europeans shall never find them selfish and indolent. Let all the earlier and later friends of the Cause unite in every town where the anti-slavery principles have been implanted, and, while they are attending to the petitioning, make collections and donations, and resolve to come up, if possible, in a body, or at least by delegation, to receive the cordial welcome which the January reünion of 1859 will extend to them. There is also the amplest heart-room for Southerners wishing to get rid of the system of slavery, and desiring to become personally acquainted with their co-laborers at the North for the better prosecution of a cause which is not sectional—not even national—but universal.

Let the friends in all the towns and cities where the cause was early cherished, such as Portland, Bangor, Lynn, Concord, Concord (N. H.), Salem, Brookline, Cambridge, Groton, Haverhill, Andover, Fitchburg, Leominster, Milford, Worcester, New Bedford, Weymouth, Plymouth, Dorchester, Milton, Fall River, Duxbury, Hingham, Nantucket, Providence, Brooklyn (Conn.), Rochester, Troy, Staten Island, New York City, and so many others in all the New England States, the Middle and the Western ones, begin *now*, in each, the work of collecting, in a spirit of noble emulation, that the coming reünion of them all in Boston, at the beginning of the year, may be indeed to this country a FESTIVAL OF FREEDOM, prophetic of a speedy jubilee.

It is in contemplation to forward, hereafter, a more especial invitation to each friend and to each township everywhere; but the ladies whose names are appended to the annexed circular meanwhile refer each coming guest to *that* as an all-sufficient one; asking excuse of any who may chance to be omitted from so numerous a list as that of the names whose presence they covet, entreating such, if any there should be, not to suffer any unfortunate accident or mistake to deprive the occasion of the pleasure of their company.

M. W. C.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

SIR PAVON AND ST. PAVON.—Our readers will probably be not a little surprised, as they open THE STANDARD this week, to find one whole page occupied by a single poem; but, if they will read the lines which we have deemed worthy to fill so much space, we are sure their surprise will give place to unalloyed gratification and thankfulness. The poem, in our judgment, is as meritorious in a literary point of view as it is commendable for the purity of its sentiment and impressive in the lesson of self-sacrifice and devotion which it conveys. Long as it is, we do not believe that one of our readers will wish that it were shorter, or that we had given it to them piecemeal. It is an anti-slavery tale of the days of knighthood, but the spirit that pervades it and the principles it commends and exalts are "not for a day, but for all time." It appears anonymously in the Rev. Dr. Huntington's (Boston) *Religious Magazine* for November, but we betray no secret in saying that the author is understood to be a young lady of Cambridge, Mass., the daughter of a gentleman eminent for his literary attainments and unswerving fidelity, as a statesman, to the cause of freedom. The present, we trust, will not be her last contribution to our anti-slavery literature.

DR. CHEEVER AND HIS OPPONENTS.—An orthodox clergyman writes to thank us for publishing the article in defence of Dr. Cheever which *The Independent* had rejected, and says:

"There is a bitter desire on the part of many, and of some, I fear, connected with *The Independent*, to put Dr. Cheever down. The tug of war is yet to come. Those who live to see the next meeting of the American Board at Philadelphia will witness a strife at which the pillars will tremble."

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN will lecture at Morrisville, Pa., on Saturday evening, Nov. 20, and on Sunday afternoon and evening, the 21st; and will read his Drama at Trenton, N. J., on Monday evening, the 22d, and at Brisiol, Pa., Tuesday, the 23d.

Summary.

"DO BUCKS SHED THEIR HORNS?"—We refer the Administration party to the election returns from Pennsylvania for a solution of this long-mooted question.—*Evening Post.*

John Van Buren is against the right of search. If we judge his character rightly, he carries his principle so far that he does not even "search the Scriptures."—*Louisville Journal.*

At a late Unitarian Convention in Salem, Mass., the essay read by Rev. Mr. Clarke, of Hingham, made the aggregate of Unitarians, Universalists, Christians and Progressive Friends to amount to 200,000.

WHAT NEXT?—Mr. James Lord, of Pawtucket, has invented and patented a machine for addressing newspapers and periodicals, which, at a very moderate rate of speed, addresses sixty per minute with the name and address of the subscriber on the paper or wrapper.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.—*Washington, Thursday, Nov.* 11, 1858.—The steamship Black Warrior arrived at New Orleans on Saturday, bringing information from Havana that the bark Venus, formerly under the Mexican flag, was captured with nearly 600 negroes on board, off the Moro, by a Spanish war steamer.

Governor Stewart, of Missouri, was recently found drunk at a negro wedding. Upon this the Jefferson *Inquirer* says: "If frolicking with negroes, drinking with negroes, eating with negroes, isn't establishing 'negro equality,' we would like to know what is?"

SLAVERY IN NEBRASKA.—Mr. Daily, of Namaha, introduced into the House, on the 25th ult., a bill prohibiting slavery and involuntary servitude in the Territory of Nebraska, after the 1st of January, 1859. It was referred to a select committee of five, with instructions to report on the 3d inst. The nature of the report we have yet to learn.

M. H. Bovee, who, as a Senator of Wisconsin, was active and prominent in effecting the abolition of the Death Penalty in that State, is about to canvass the State of Illinois in advocacy of the anti-Capital Punishment cause. We bespeak for him the regard and co-operation of the philanthropists of Illinois.

About a week or so ago, as Miss Watkins was lecturing on slavery, at Cool Spring, between New Lisbon and Columbiana, some rowdies commenced throwing stones on the roof and breaking glass in the windows of the house, which circumstance, report says, led to an altercation between a couple of men named Nye and Crook. Rather a small business, all through, for *gentlemen* to engage in.—*Salem (O.) Republican.*

ANOTHER SLAVERY DISCUSSION.—E. A. Hopkins, Esq., of this city has been "spoiling" this long time for a war of words on the slavery question. His challenge to the Rev. Mr. Pryne, the gentleman who worsted Parson Brownlow in a discussion at Philadelphia, has been accepted, and the Syracuse *Courier* announces that the discussion will commence at Convention Hall, in that city, on the evening of Nov. 15.

NEW MOVEMENT OF THE SPIRIT RAPPERS.—We understand that the Spiritualists contemplate petitioning the Legislature of Massachusetts, at its next session, for a grant of money—from three to seven thousand dollars—to enable them to "employ scientific men to inquire into the mysteries of Spiritualism." They say that the State is pledged to the education of the people, and this being an educational measure the Commonwealth cannot refuse to grant the prayer of the petitioners.—*Boston Courier.*

A LIFE OF GOVERNOR DORR.—Dr. Dan King, of this town, has in preparation a work entitled "The Life and Times of Thomas Wilson Dorr," which will be published at an early day. It is designed to be a full, faithful and impartial history of the interesting political struggle in Rhode Island, of which Mr. Dorr was the master spirit. Dr. King was one of the early Rhode Island constitutionalists, served in the General Assembly at the time of the first agitation of the question, and was supported for Congress, in 1837, on the same ticket with Mr. Dorr.—*Taunton (Mass.) Gazette.*

"OLD WHIGS."—Mr. Bates, of St. Louis, is given as authority for a telling remark. "Old Whigs," he is understood to have said, are a class of politicians who "take their grog regularly and vote the Democratic ticket." Of this class there are "two eminent specimens" in Boston, viz., Messrs. Choate and Winthrop, the former of whom discovered that the Declaration of Independence was only remarkable for its "glittering generalities," while the latter has just written a letter announcing to the "rest of mankind" that the Republican Platform is not sufficiently "National" for his purposes. There is nothing in the cause of FREEDOM that warms their blood or awakens their sympathies.—*Albany Evening Jour.*

CABBAGES AND DISUNION.—We have found a new bond of union for our Republic. The Atlanta *Georgian* acknowledges the receipt of cabbages from the New York market, which sell readily at 40l per cent. advance on cost, and says the idea of a people who will not raise their own cabbages being bored to death by agitators about independence, and urged

Miscellaneous Department.

From The Monthly Religious Magazine.

SIR PAVON AND ST. PAVON.

PART I.

St. Mark's hushed abbey heard,
Through prayers, a roar and din;
A brawling voice did shout,
"Knave shaveling, let me in!"

The cared porter peeped,
All flattering, through the gate,
Like birds that hear a mew.
A knight was at the gate.

His left hand reined his steed,
Still smoking from the ford;
His crimson right, that dangled, clutched
Half of his broken sword.

His broken plume flapped low;
His charger's mane with mud
Was clogged; he wavered in his seat;
His mail dropped drops of blood.

"Who cometh in such haste?"
"Sir Pavon, late, I hight,
Of all the land around
The stanchest, mightiest knight.

"My foes—they dared not face—
Beset me at my back
In ambush. Fast and hard
They follow on my track.

"Now wilt thou let me in,
Or shall I burst the door?"
The grating bolts ground back; the knight
Lay swooning in his gore.

As children, half afraid,
Draw near a crushed wasp,
Look, touch, and twitch away
Their hands, then lightly grasp—

Him to their spital soon
The summoned brethren bore,
And searched his wounds. He woke,
And roundly cursed and swore.

The younger friar stopped his ears;
The elder chid. He flung
His gummy plasters at his mouth,
And bade him hold his tongue.

But, faint and weak, when, left
Upon his couch alone,
He viewed the valley, framed within
His window's cavern stone,

He learned anew to weep,
All as he lay along,
To see the smoke-wreaths from his towers
Climb up the clouds among.

The abbot came to bring
A balsam to his guest,
On soft feet tutored long
To break no sufferer's rest,

And heard his sobbing heart
Drink deep in draughts of woe;
Then "Benedicite, my son,"
He breathed in murmurs low.

Right sharply turned the knight
Upon the unwelcome spy;
But changed his shaggy face, as when,
Down through a stormy sky,

The quiet autumn sun
Looks on a landscape grim.
He crossed himself before the priest,
And speechless gazed on him.

His brow was large and grand,
And meet for governing;
The beauty of his holiness
Did crown him like a king.

His mien was high, yet mild;
His deep and reverent eye
Seemed o'er a peaceful past to gaze—
A blest futurity.

His stainless earthly shell
Was worn so pure and thin,
That through the callow angel showed,
Half-hatched that stirred within.

The cloisters when he paced
At eve, the brethren said
E'en then a shimmering halo dawned
Around his saintly head.

If forth he went, the street
Became a hallowed aisle.
Men knelt; and children ran to seek
The blessings of his smile;

And mothers on each side came out,
And stood at every door,
And held their babies up, and put
The weanlings forth before.

As pure white lambs unto
Men sickening unto death
Their sweet milk-breaths give out,
And heal them with their breath,

His white and thriving soul,
In heavenly pastures fed,
Still somewhat of its innocence
On all around him shed.

Sir Pavon's scarce-stanched wounds
He bound with fearless skill,
Who lay and watched him, meek and mute,
And let him work his will,

While in his fevered brain
Thus mused his fancy quaint:
"My grandam told me once of saints,
And this is, sure, a saint!

"(I was a new-breeched boy,
And sat upon her knee,
Less mindful of the story than
Of cates she gave to me.)

"But then I thought a flood
Came down to drown them all,
And that they only now in stone
Stood on the minster wall,

"Or painted in the glass
Upon the window high,
Where, swelled with spring-tides, breaks the sea
Beneath, and leaves them dry.

"Quite out of danger's way,
And breathed and walked no more
Upon the muddy earth, to do
The deeds they did of yore,

"When still the sick were healed
When e'en their shadows fell;
But here is one that's living yet,
And he shall make me well."

The patient priest benign
His watch beside him kept,
Until he dropped his burning lids,
And like an infant slept.

PART II.

Some weary weeks were spent
In tossing and in pain,
Before the knight's huge frame was braced
With strength and steel again.

(He had his armor brought
The day he left his bed,
And fitted on by novice hands,
"To prop him up," he said.)

Soon jangling then he stamped,
Amazed with all he saw,
Through cell and through refectory,
With little grace or awe.

Unbidden at the board
He sat, a mouthful took,
And shot it spattering through his beard,
Sprang up, and cursed the cook.

If some bowed friar passed by,
He chucked him 'neath the chin,
And cried, "What cheer?" or, "Dost thou find
That hair-cloth prick the skin?"

Or if he came on one
In meditation meet,
Or penance mute, he kindly vowed
To cheer his lone retreat.

"Poor palsied sire," he cried,
"How fares thy stiffened tongue?
Let mine suffice for both,"—and trolled
A lusty drinking-song.

One softly in his cell
Did scourge his meager hide,
When Pavon on his grounds came in,
And stood, well pleased, beside:

"What, man! Lay on! lay on!
Nay, hast thou tired thine arm?
Give me thy hempen bunch of cords,
And I will make thee warm."

With doubtful thanks agreed
The monk. Then Pavon whipped
Right deftly, through the cloister till
For aid he cried and skipped.

In brief, within the house
Of holy Quiet, all
Where'er Sir Pavon went or came
Was outcry, noise, and brawl;

Until the abbot said,
"Anon this coil must cease.
To-morrow is the Truce of God;
Then let him go in peace.

"But call him hither first,
To render thanks to-night
For life restored; for now we go
To do our vesper rite."

With tamed mien abashed,
The wild, unruly guest
His host moved, and mutely moved
Beside the solemn priest.

Into a noiseless pace
He strove to curb his stride,
And blushed to hear his jack-boots' clang
Amid the sandals' slide.

The censer waved around
Its misty, sweet perfume,
As over him the minster great
Came with its awful gloom.

Through shadowy aisle, 'neath vaulted roof,
His faltering steps were led;
Beside him was the living saint,
Beneath, the sainted dead.

Bespread with nun-wrought tapestry,
The holy altar stood;
Above it, carved by martyr hands,
Arose the Holy Rood;

Burned round it, tipped with tongues of flame,
Vowed candles white and tall;
And frosted cup and patine, clear,
In silver, painted all.

The prisoned giant Music in
The rumbling organ rolled,
And roared sweet thunders up to heaven,
Through all its pipes of gold.

He started. 'Mid the prostrate throng
Upright, he heard the hymn
With fallen chin and lifted eye
That searched the arches dim:

For in the lurking echoes there
Responding, tone and word,
A choir of answering seraphim
Above he deemed he heard.

They saw him thus when all was done,
Still rapt and pale as death;
So passed he through the banging gate,
Then drew a long-drawn breath,

As to the priest he turned:
"I cannot 'go in peace,'
Nor find elsewhere a man like thee,
Nor hear such strains as these!"

"This is no place for knights."
"Then I a monk will be,"*
"Kneel down upon thy knee, fair son,
And tell thy sins to me."

"My knee is stiff with steel,
And will not bend it well.
'My sins!' A peerless knight like me,
What should he have to tell?

"I never turned in fight
Till treason wrought my harm,
Nor then, before my shattered sword
Weighed down my shattered arm.

"I never broke mine oath,
Forgot my friend or foe,
Nor left a benefit unpaid
With weal, or wrong with woe.

"'Keep thee from me!'† I said,
Still, ere my blows began,
Nor gashed mine unarmed enemy,‡
Nor smote a felled man.

"Observing every rule
Of generous chivalry;
And maid and matron ever found
A champion leal in me.

"What gallantly I won
In war, I did not hoard,
But spent as gallantly in peace,
With neighbors round my board."

"Thy neighbors, son? The serfs
For miles who tilled thy ground?"
"Tush, father, nay! The high-born knights
For many a league around.

"They were my brethren sworn,
In battle and in sport.
'Twere wondrous shame, should one like me
With beggar kernes consort!

"Clean have I made my shrift,"
He said; and so he ceased,
And bore a blithe and guileless cheer,
That sore perplexed the priest.

With words both soft and keen,
He searched his breast within.
Still said he, "So I sinned not,"
Or, "That is, sure, no sin".

The abbot beat his breast:
"Alack, the man is lost!
Erewhile he must have grieved away
The warning Holy Ghost!

"His guardian angel he
Hath scared from him to heaven!
Who cannot mourn, nor see, his sin,
How can he be forgiven?

"E'en Patmos' gentle seer,
Doth he not say, in sooth,
He lies who saith, I have no sin,
Quite empty of the truth!

"Search thou this sacred tome."
"'Sblood!—Saints!—A knight to read!"
The abbot read. The novice strove,
With duteous face, to heed,

But heard a hunt sweep by,
And to the door did leap,
Cried, "Holla, ho!" and then, abashed,
Sat down and dropped asleep.

"Such novice ne'er I saw!
Sweet Mary be my speed!
For sure the sorer is my task,
The sorer is his need."

He gazed upon him long,
With pondering, pitying eyes,
As the leech on the sick whose hidden ail
All herbs and drugs defies;

And, "Hath thy heart might," at last, "to-night,
He to Sir Pavon said,
"When all men sleep, thy vigil to keep,
In the crypt among the dead?

"Night hath many a tongue, her black hours among,
Less false than the tongues of Day,
While Mercy the prayer hath full leisure to hear,
Of all who wake to pray.

"The mute swart queen aids and hides many a sin,
But oft to the sinner's heart
Remorse, with the tale, she sends to wail,
And thus atones in part."

Well-nigh laughed the knight, "Ay, and many and many a night,
Good father, do not spare.
Ne'er yet have I found, on or under the ground,
The venture I could not dare.

"Ten years I've quelled in war lively warriors, near and far;
Shall I shun a dead clerk's bones to see?
Ne'er till now I pledged my hand to serve in the band
Of captain I loved like thee."

PART III.

Sir Pavon sat upon his shield,
And breathed the earthly damp,
And strained his empty ear to hear
The simmering of his lamp.

It made a little tent of light,
Hung round with shadows dim,
That drooped as if the low-groined roof
Did crouch to fall on him.

The stunted columns, thick and short,
Like sentry gnomes stood round;
And lettered slabs, that rooled the dead,
Lay thickly on the ground.

He watched to hear the midnight lauds,
But heard them not until
He'd deemed it dawn. They swelled at last,
And ceased; and all was still.

The Future towards him marched no more;
The Past was dead and gone;
Time dwindled to a single point;
The convent-clock toiled One.

Then the door was oped and closed,
But by no human hand;
And there entered in a Cry,
And before him seemed to stand—

A viewless, bodiless Cry,
That lifted the hair on his head—
'T was small as a new-born babe's at first,
But straightway it rose and spread,

Till it knocked against the roof,
And his ears they rang and beat;
The hard walls throbbed around and above,
And the stones creep under his feet;

And when it fell away,
He reeled and almost fell;
And fast for aid he gasped and prayed,
Till he heard the matin-bell.

The monk who came to let him out
Scarce knew him. In that night,
His nut-brown beard and crisped hair
Had turned to snowy white.

PART IV.

Like to a hunted beast,
To Abbot Urban's cell
He rushed; and with a foamy lip
Down at his feet he fell:

"I heard a voice—a voice!—
O father, help! It said
That I the Lord of life
Had scourged and buffeted,

"Spit in his face, and mocked,
And sold him to his foes;
Then, through the hollow earth,
In dreary triumph rose

"Up, till the words I snatched,
A fiendish chorus dim,
'*He did it unto one of* HIS!
He did it unto HIM!'"

"My son, what meaneth this?"
"My father, on my word,
In court or camp, abroad, at home,
I never knew the Lord!

"I do remember once
I had a hunchback slave,
Who to the beggars round my door
From his own trencher gave,

"And made them swarm the more,
Despite the porter's blows,
And broke into my banquet-hall,
With tidings of their woes.

"Him I chastised and sold,
But thought no harm, nor knew
The Lord so squalid minions had,
Among his chosen few;

"But if the man was his,
I'll freely give thee thrice,
In broad, bright rounds of ruddy gold,
The pittance of his price."

"Gold buys this world, not heaven.
This cannot make thee whole.
Each stripe that rends the slave's poor flesh,
It hurts his Master's soul;

"And if the slave doth die,"
He said beneath his breath,
"I fear the Master's sprite for aye
Rots in the second death.

"But be of better cheer.
Since thou thy sin canst see,
'Tis plain thy guardian angel back
Hath flown from heaven to thee.

"The soul benumbed by sin,
And limb, that's numb with frost,
Are saved by timely aches. If first
They reach the fire, they're lost.

"The Sun of Righteousness,
Whose beaming smile on high,
With light, and life, and love doth fill
The mansions of the sky,

"And kindles risen souls
Unto a rapturous glow,
Who duly sought his scattered rays,
To bask in them below,

"Seems but a hideous glare
Of blazing pangs untold,
To those whom death hath made more pale,
But could not make more cold.

"Full many a man like thee,
Unless by devils driven,
Would never turn his laggard steps
To hurry unto heaven.

"Thank God, who oped thine ear
Unto their dreary lay,
Ere came the night that summoned thee
To chant with them for aye!

"That holy text, which through
Their gnashing teeth they laughed
And screamed, I read thee yester eve,
And they with wonted craft

"Told o'er, their fright and pain
That thou should'st come to share,
As birds by hissing serpents scared
Drop down through sheer despair.

"But in its two pure hands
Each holy Scripture still
Doth bear a blessing for the good,
A curse unto the ill.

"Heed thou, but do not fear
Too much their threatening voice,
Who tremble and believe. Thou yet
Believing mayst rejoice.

"Take up thy cross with speed.
This penance shalt thou do;
Thyself in sad humility
To seek Christ's servant go,

"Both near and far; and dry
His tears with thine, if still
His limbs the toil-exacting earth
In misery tread and till."

His forehead from his hands
Upraised the haggard guest:
"And even here, and even yet,
For me no heavenly rest!"

The abbot shook his head:
"God help thee now, poor son!
The heavenly rest is but for those
Who heavenly work have done.

"Strife is the bridge o'er hell
'Twixt sin and sin forgiven;
Still purgatory lies between
The wicked world and heaven.

"The priceless pearl is worth
The plunge through whelming floods.
The bitter years man loathes are but
Eternity's green buds.

"Thou hast, in Satan's ranks,
To harm been brisk and brave;
Thou wilt not shrink, when sent by Christ
To suffer and to save."

PART V.

Sir Pavon's gallant steed was dead;
Sir Pavon's sword was broke.
On foot he went; and in his hand
The abbot's staff he took,

And many an hour fared patiently,
Beneath the parching sun,
That eyed him through his riven wall
Before the day was done.

The shattered casements gaped and stared;
Black charcoal paved the floor;
Up rose his hunger-maddened hound,
And bit him in the door.

He climbed the seathed and tottering stair
Unto the sooty tower;
His rifled coffers upside down
Lay in his secret tower.

With heavy heart and tread he trod
The banquet-hall below;
The hollow-voiced echoes chid
Each other, to and fro.

A jeering face peeped in; he heard
A titter and a shout;
In rushed his rabble rout of hinds,
And round him danced about:

"Ho, worthy master, welcome home!
Where hast thou left thy sword,
Thy kingly port, and lusty blows?
We serve another lord."

They strove to trip him as he went;
They drove him from his door:
"Now fare ye well, my fathers' halls!
We part to meet no more.

"Farewell, my pride and pomp and power!
Farewell, my slippery wealth,
That bought my soul's sore malady,
Nor stayed to buy my health!

"Farewell, my sturdy strength, that did
The Devil's work so well,
All blasted by God's thunderbolts,
That on my spirit fell!

"And thou, O brave and loyal Christ,
Who, 'mid the sordid Jews,
By love, not fear, constrained couldst
At Satan's hands refuse

"The crown and sceptre of the world,
And choose the cross and rod—
Thy more than earthly manhood in
Its glory unto God

"Lay down—accept, and do not scorn
The beaten lost one,
Who, worthless for thy service, come
For shelter unto thee."

Walked with him flagging Weariness;
And Famine spun his head:
"I would, of all my feasts, were left
One little crust of bread."

When maids and stars their tapers lit,
He reached a wooded hut;
The chinks were gilt by light therein,
But close the door was shut.

What seemed an aged woman's voice
Within, with sob and groan,
Entreated Heaven in agony
To send her back her son:

"The day is night that shows me not
His face—the voice of joy
Mere heart-break till his laugh I hear!
O, send me back my boy!

"In pity send some tidings soon!
If thus I grieve, I dread
Lest, when he hurries back to me—
Poor youth!—he find me dead.

"Let them not tell me he is dead,
And buried anywhere!
What has the ground or brine to do
With his dear mouth and hair,

"That I have kissed and stroked so oft
There by his empty chair?
You doubiet new. I've wrought for him,
He'll soon come back to wear.

"I brushed the very flies away,
That with his brows did toy,
When tired he slept. How could the worms
Or fishes eat my boy?

"O Father, who thine only Son
Didst yield to pain and death,
And know'st 't is deadlier pain to do 't,
Than give the rattling breath,

"If not my boy, let unto me
His faith and trust be given,
That I may clasp him yet again,
If not on earth, in heaven."

She ceased. Sir Pavon softly knocked;
The door flew open wide.
"Fear not, good mother," he began.
"O, is it thou?" she cried,

Then turned away and wrung her hands.
"If thou wilt give to me
A morsel, and a cup of wine,
Perchance thy charity,

"When ended is my present quest,
I may full well requite,
If lives thy son, and bring him back.
I am a famous knight—

"Although of late mine ambushed foe
Despoiled me traitorly—
And maid and matron ever found
A champion leal in me."

"Alack, I have no wine or flesh,
Nor yet a crust of bread!
Herbs for my noontide meal I culled,
Untasted still," she said;

"And water from the brook I'll bring—
Scant fare for hungry guest!—
But sit thee down at least and feed
Thy weariness with rest.

"Thou hast seen other lands perchance?"
"Good mother, many a one.
I pray you fill my cup once more."
"Oh, hast thou seen my son?"

"Went he a soldier?" "Nay, but he
Was seized and sold away,
I know not where. No news of him
Has reached me from that day.

"He bade me still with wayfarers
His scanty portion share.
Thou eatest from his platter now,
And sittest in his chair.

"He was so good!" "Who used him so?"
"Sir Pavon was his name."
His platter dropped, and over him
A deadly sickness came.

"I knew not half my guilt!" he shrieked,
And on his brow did strike;
These mothers are like God, then—love
Ugly and fair alike!

"'Twas I. Thou art avenged on me.
To find him is my quest;
Nor till 't is done, in life or death,
For me is any rest.

"God's heaviest hand is for his sake
Meanwhile upon me laid.
For his deliverance pray, and mine;
And take me in his stead.

"A dutious son I'll be to thee
Until I give him back
I've many friends would give us steeds
To bear us on his track."

PART VI.

"Who may you man be, who on foot
Comes in his iron coat,
And, with an old wife at his side,
Toils towards the castle-moat?

"He looketh as Sir Pavon should
If thirty years were o'er;
But he is dead, they say. We'll know.
Ho, there! The drawbridge lower!

"What, Pavon! Hast thou come to life?
Thou lookest like a ghost."
"Nigh slain was I by treachery:
My sword and all is lost.

"And I was ill, and worse. Alas!
With thee I may not bide,
But day and night by fiends pursued.
Upon a quest must ride.

"To free my soul, that erst I sold
To bondage with a slave.
My merry life is dead in me!
Myself a haunted grave!

"Of thy dear love, long pledged and sworn,
Some food and drink I pray
For this poor dame, and gold and steeds,
To bear us on our way."

He reeled with weakness: "He is starved.
Lead hence, and feed him well;
And when our feast is done to-night,
His tale we'll hear him tell.

"He's crazed with shame, as erst with pride—
Perchance 't will please my guests
To list. My foot is growing old,
And oft repeats his jests."

Scarce were they at the burdened board
Ranged by the seneschal,
When Pavon fed and calmed came in,
And stood before them all,

And clasped each slackened hand, and smiled
In many a well-known face,
And left upon some cooling hearts
Once more its kind embrace:

"Dear mates, how good it is to stand
Again among you here.
Though 'neath my ruined towers no more
We make our wonted cheer!

"I must not stay; but list a word.
And mark it well, before
I look my last upon you all,
Perchance, for evermore.

"Among the tombs I sat, and heard
Within me or without—
I know not which—a horrid voice;
It drives me still about.

"A wondrous thing it told to me,
As terrible as new.
Undreamed of to that hour by me,
To this, I ween, by you.

"Christ 'mid the serfs hath men, whom he
Dear as himself doth hold;
Thus he who sells his Christian slave
His master, Christ, hath sold,

"For from the very book of peace
The fiends have learned a hymn—
'Who did it unto one of *his*,
Hath done it unto *him*.'"

Each in his neighbors' faces looked,
And some were pale with fear;
"Out!" roared the host. "ye serving men,
What make ye gaping here,

"To swallow what concerns you not?
Such ravings if they hear,
They'll rave themselves. I saw them all
Prick up each meddling ear.

"Your pardon, noble comrades all;
A very sorry jest
Was this to make you sport withal;
He told me of a quest."

"My quest it is to find and free
The hunchback, whom of old,
When thou wert wassailing with me
At Christmastide, I sold.

"Look not so darkly on me, friends.
I will not mar your feast;
But, Raymond, for the red-roan steeds
I lent thee, give at least

"To me one jennet, mule, or ass,
That I thereon may lead
His blister-footed mother hence,
And make the better speed."

"Poor man, his case is pitiful.
It maimed o'er I saw,
He's mad! What say ye? Let him go?
Or give him chains and straw!"

"He was a gallant champion late!"
"He's harmless; let him go."
"Nay, it he surreth up the serfs
I cannot count him so."

Then rage brought back Sir Pavon's strength:
He dashed the casement through,
Leaped headlong down, and all in steel
He swam the moat below.

Forth swarmed the valets sent, for him,
But soon returned without,
So nothly with the abbot's staff
He 'mongst them laid about.

His comrades from the battlements
Looked wondering down to see
The knight the hobbling crone await,
With pity and with glee.

He paced to meet her courteously;
He propped her with his arm,
And with his staff, and bent as if
To soothe her weak alarm;

But with a bitter laugh he said,
"Sure, he who findeth out
How fickle are the world's sweet smiles,
Can do its smiles without."

PART VII.

Long years of hunger, cold and heat,
And home-sick toil in vain—
Long years of wandering up and down,
O'er inland, coast, and main—

Long years of asking still for one,
And longing day and night,
Who, ever present with the soul,
Hath vanished from the sight!

The freeman like a growing tree
Thrives, rooted in his place;
The bondman, like a withered leaf,
Flits on and leaves no trace.

Sir Pavon's armor rusted off;
He seemed no more a knight;
Yet ever to himself he said,
While raged his inward fight,

"How quickly may a wrong be done,
How slowly done away!
Shall all eternity repair
My trespass of a day?"

While some said, "East," and some said, "West,"
And most, "I cannot tell,"
They ate the stranger's crusts, and drank
At many a stranger's well.

He ever walked, or stood, or sat,
Between her and the blast.
She cheered him with forgiving words,
And begged his scant repast.

In penitent and pardoning woe,
Thus went they hand in hand,
The master and the slave. They trod
The cactus-hatching sand.

They stood beneath the snowy pole,
Where, quenched, the heavenward eye,
Sinks dizzy back to earth, beneath
The crumbling, sinking sky.

PART VIII.

"O, sail-borne trader, hast thou seen,
In lands beneath the sun,
Or in the shadow of the pole,
My Anselm? O my son!"

"A pilgrim, dame?" "A slave." "A slave!
Ask, have I seen a sheep!
Ay, flocks and flocks, where'er I go.
You Moors their hundreds keep—

"The lazy tawny dogs!—beyond
Where 'twixt these fronting lands
The writhing sea his pent-up way
Tears 'twixt the rocks and sands."

"He is like no one else. His face
Is wondrous mild and fair;
His eyes are kind and bright; and fine
And silky is his hair."

"Ha, ha! So whines the shepherd lad
Whose petted ewe hath strayed!"
"He bore a hump upon his back,"
Sir Pavon softly said—

"Was helpful to the poor beyond
The custom of mankind."
Before the statelier questioner
The merchant searched his mind.

"Such a slave I saw in Barbary,
A twelvemonth scarce agone.
A fever-smitten sailor there
We left to die alone—

"It grieved me much. We could not choose.
Our venture had been lost,
Had we not seized the first fair gale
To sweep us from the coast.

"I hurried back. I thought to see
His living face no more,
But haply give him burial.
He met me on the shore,

"Thin as this blade, and white as is
This handle of my knife.
A slave, he said, had ta'en him in
And nursed him like a wife,

"A hunchback, for he showed me him.
How call'd you yours?" "His name
Was Anselm." "Ay, and so was his,
It is the very same.

"Old Hassan's steward in the sun
Doth beat him to and fro;
He limps with water from the tanks
To make the melons grow.

"See how my Seagull flaps her wings,
Impatient for the deep!
Anon shall she to Tripoli
So lightly dart and leap;

"And for that bounteous deed of his
His mother shall he see—
What costs a good turn now and then?
Embark and sail with me,

"For nothing—if ye nothing have.
They'll call for little food,
On landlocked billows, sickened by
The tossing of the flood."

The anchor climbed. The wind blew fair,
But ere they neared the pier
The old wife on death's threshold lay,
Distraught with hope and fear.

"How canst thou free him from his woes?
Thou hast nor friends nor gold.
How may I even crawl to him
His misery to behold?

"O master, trail me through the dust
And leave me at his feet."
"Nay, thou wert patient all those years.
Here, sheltered from the heat,

"A little longer wait and pray;
It may be but an hour.
Our Lord, who bade to succor him,
I think shall give the power.

"And, merchant, if he fly with me
Will bear him hence?" "My head
And thine, were lost belike! Art mad?
'Twould surely cost my trade.

"I buy and sell, but steal not, slaves!"
"Thou'rt known to Hassan?" "Ay."
"Then lead me to him; and the Lord,
I think, the slave shall buy.

"Then wilt thou bear him hence, and her?"
"Ay, on mine honest word.
Or as I may, I gladly do
A pleasure to the Lord."

Turbaned and robed old Hassan sat.
An atmosphere of rest
Hung brooding o'er his soft divan,
His beard slept on his breast.

His rolling eyes upon the floor
Did round about him fall,
To thread the mazy arabesques
Paved in his marble hall.

They shone and glimmered moist with dew,
While, roused in sparkling spray,
Amidst them high a fountain danced
In whispering, tittering play.

No joy, grief, awe, nor doubt looked through
His features swart and still;
"I ought" he'd ne'er been written there,
But petrified. "I will."

"What wouldst thou, merchant?" "Nothing, I;
This godly man would speak,
A very godly man!—Methinks
His wits are somewhat weak."

"Good Hassan, for thy hunchback slave
I've sought through dreary years;
Wilt give him up?" "In change for what?"
"Our prayers and grateful tears."

"I want them not." "Thou mayst one day!
When misbelievers stand
Amazed in judgment, he shall plead
For thee at God's right hand;

"His mother, too; they're dear to Christ;
I know it all too well!
And I up from my lower place
Will cry aloft and tell,

"That thou art he my sinking soul
Who lifted out of hell;
Till all the saints shall join with me,
O blessed infidel!"

"Hast nothing else to offer?" "Ay,
To serve thee faithfully,
Another slave I'll give—myself—
As stout a wight as he."

"Naught hast thou of his look; yet sure
He is thy son or brother?"
"My serf of yore." "'Tis strange, if true!
Most Christians hate each other.

"I take thy proffer, false or fair;
But if to me thou liest,
And seek'st to steal thyself away,
E'en in my gates thou diest."

He clapped his hands; and in there rushed
A turbaned menial throng.
Strange words he spoke. A dusty Moor
Good Pavon led along,

With bounding heart, and beaded brow,
And paling, glowing cheek,
And trembling lips compressed, that strove
To brace themselves to speak,

Through cool, dank courts, and sultry paths,
Till, 'twixt the twinkling twigs
Of citron, and of orange-trees,
And sun-bathed purple figs,

He saw the fattening melons bask
On beds both long and broad,
And Anselm, staggering forth to them,
Bent 'neath his watery load.

He oped his mouth to call on him;
Amazed, he did not choke;
For with its mighty wrath and joy,
His great heart almost broke.

He darted on his track, and wrenched
His pitcher from his hand.
The slave dropped back his drooping head,
And strove to understand,

With bony fingers interlaced
His dazzled eyes above,
Why came the tall mute man to him
In enmity or love.

Then muttered he, "This scorching sun
At last hath fired my brain!
I seem to see one far away,
Perchance long dead again—

"Sir Pavon! 'Tis some fancy, bred
Of famine, wild and weak,
Or fever. Wherefore gaze on it?
If 'twas a man 'twould speak."

Then Pavon in a storm of tears
Fell crying on his breast:
"Forgive me, brother, if thou canst!
I've known no peace nor rest,

"For years or ages, but to right
The wrong I did to thee,
And mine own soul, roamed o'er the earth!
From henceforth thou art free."

"Sir Pavon! Is it thou?—and here?"
"Ay; and I hold thee fast
In verity, as oft in dreams,
Where, as my slumber past,

"'Mid fading forms I clutched at thine,
'Mid fading visioned lands,
And shouting woke, with bloody nails
Clenched in mine empty hands."

"God! Heardst thou then my hopeless prayers?
He's saved!—And am I free?"
"Ay, go thy ways in joy, poor friend,
Nor cease to pray for me.

"The merchant Andrew on the shore
Awaits thee, in his bark.
His homeward voyage bears him by
The abbey of St. Mark.

"The monks, for Abbot Urban's sake,
Will house and feed thine age
When thou hast told to them the end
Of Pavon's pilgrimage,

"By him enjoined. Though he be dead,
He must remembered be
By novices he nurtured." "Sir,
Dost thou not come with me?

"Long wilt thou tarry?" "Be content.
Not to forsake thee here.
I'll serve thee in this homesick land
For love, as erst from fear."

"Go thou. I stay." A change came o'er
The hunchback's raptured face:
"Why stays he, Selim, know'st?" "To draw
Our water in tay place."

He tore his hair; he turned away;
He spake: "It shall not be!
All blessings bless thee for the thought,
But 'twere not meet for thee!

"Few years are left me on the earth;
And God hath taught to me
That willing bondage borne in Christ
Is loftier liberty."

"Then grudge it not unto thy lord,"
St. Pavon following said.
The slave took up his water-pots,
Moved on, and shook his head.

"This is my penance I must do,
Or be for aye abhorred
Of Heaven." "I'll help thee bear it."
"Nay, stint not mine earned reward!"

St. Pavon's eyes and hands on his
He fixed, and joyously
Cried, "Laggard son, thy mother waits
Among the ships for thee!"

The new slave let the melons thirst
Till, through the twinkling twigs
Of citron, and of orange-flowers,
And sun-bathed purple figs,

He saw the hunchback hurry o'er
The beach, and scale the deck,
Towards outstretched arms, that like a trap
Did spring and catch his neck.

Then out he let his pent-up breath,
Which seemed to blow away,
In one great sigh, his life's great woe,
And to himself did say,

"However, wherever now, in this world
Or that, me list my lot,
I bear this scene in memory,
And I can bear it all."

Then to his task he turned, with mien
As eager and as bold
As when his brethren's blood plashed round
His iron march of old.

Joy drained his lees of life nigh-spent
All in one brimming cup—
One wasteful draught of feverish strength—
And bade him drink it up.

He dragged the sinking waters out;
He dashed them on the ground;
He panted to and fro; well-nigh
The melons swam or drowned.

Shy women's jet and diamond eyes
Did hear the lattice lurk,
And twinkle through its screen, to see
The Christian madman work.

The steward cried, "By Mahmoud's beard,
Some demon toils within
You unbeliever, or a troop
Of slaves in one's shrunk skin."

Above him like a vulture came
The noontide sun, and beat
Upon his old bald head, and pricked
Through all his frame with heat;

It set but spurs unto his zeal:
"O Christ, and didst thou see
My brother in this torment gasp,
And through my cruelty!"

His short-lived might sank with the light;
Black turned the rose-hot day;
He scarce could drag to Anselm's lair
His heavy limbs away.

He heard a sound; he felt a light;
He deemed it was the dawn.
He oped his eyes; and, lo! the veil
Of glory was withdrawn;

A radiance brighter than the sun,
And sweeter than the moon,
Showed earth a part of heaven! He sighed,
"'Tis a God-granted boon—

"A vision sent to cheer my soul—
A glimpse of Paradise!
O, fade not yet! A moment more.
Ere to my toil I rise."

A quivering fanned the air; and shapes
Like winged Joys stood round.
"Arise!" they said. He rose and left
His body on the ground,

His weariness and age. Surprised
With sudden buoyancy
And ease, he turned and saw aghast
His ghastly effigy.

"'Tis but a dream!" "'Tis heaven." "For me?
Nor yet! nor yet!" he said;
"I am a traitor! Give me time!
O, let me not be dead!

"In mercy put me back to toil
And scorch, nor bid me brook,
Ere I've avenged him well on me,
Mine outraged Master's look!"

A tender smile glowed through them all.
"Brave martyr, do not fear.
Our Master calls! He waits for thee
To share his bridal cheer!

"Full many a weary year is told,
As mortals tell their years,
Since loud we struck our harps, and sang
Thy triumph o'er thy tears."

Before him, spreading welcoming arms,
A shining Union stood:
"God gave thee grace to overcome
Thine evil with thy good.

"My lesson, brother, hast forgot?—
I taught to thee of yore,
That blessings bid, their threats amid.
The awful Scriptures bore."

Then Pavon to his dear embrace
In wildered transports sprang!
And up the sunny morn they soared.
The dwindling earth did hang

Beneath. The air flapped, white with wings
That thickened all about;
And wide a song of triumph pealed
And rang this burden out:

"To wrest him out of Satan's hands
His charity sufficed;
He did it unto one of CHRIST'S,
He did it unto CHRIST!"

E. FOXTON.

---

* "Henry de Joyeuse, Comte du Bouchage, Frère puîné du Duc de Joyeuse, tué à Coutras. 'Un jour qu'il passoit à Paris à quatre heures du matin, près du Couvent des Capucins, après avoir passé la nuit en débauche, il s'imagina que les Anges chantoient Matines dans le Couvent. Frappé de cette idée, il se fit Capucin, sous le nom de Frère-Ange.' . . . . . Cette anecdote est tirée des Notes sur l'Henriade."—*Mémoires de Sully*, Livre Dixième, Note 67.

† The regular form of announcement that a single combat had begun between knights.

‡ "To smyte a wounded man that may not stonde, God defende me from such a shame." "Wyt thou well, Tyr Gawayn, I wyl never smyte a fellyd knight."—*Prose Romance of King Arthur.*

Philadelphia Advertisements.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.—The subscriber informs the public that he has opened his new Carriage Repository, No. 130 Race street, below Fifth, where he intends to keep an assortment of new and second hand Carriages for sale or exchange, or to hire. Carriages made to order on moderate terms. Carriages sold on commission. Carriages neatly repaired. GEO. DODD, Philadelphia.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valises, Gun Shoes, Coaches Hobby-Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer,
150 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH E. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 132 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams, Water Ices, Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lockpicks, Robbs included.